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Taber Free Press

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ONE TRIP.

Three Games.

One Dispute and one challenge.

One Game Won and One Game Lost, Two Good Times and One Frost.

Taber Baseball Team visits Raymond, Cardston, and Magrath. Raymond sustains its reputation.

Taber Baseball Club returned home on Saturday night from its out-of-town series of games in the towns of the Southern district, Raymond, Cardston and Magrath. The boys look fit and though tired on Sunday are about their work this week as usual, just as natural as life. They report the trip a very pleasant one taken as a whole; only one rift in the lute, and it seems that had to be in order that Raymond should sustain its reputation of being the rottenest ball town in Alberta. Not that baseball has no support there, but that their local team contains a couple of men who unfortunately are leaders in the sport, who have such control of the situation that no visiting team can ever secure even a modicum of fairness in their contests. Taber knew they would get it in the neck if that were possible. They got it, and were thus saved disappointment. Cardston got it, and Magrath likewise. Raymond don't win on merit. It secures its victories by every method and device of skulduggery. Their games are played beforehand with their chosen umpires holding the stakes.

Thursday night is generally their Jonah night, and Taber had the goat. The boys had settled to play, were going to win, and something had to be done, so the umpire was prodded. It was up to him to steal so he reached and pilfered, and Raymond had played the usual game.

This was the madness of his method. Raymond was at bat and the batter hit a slow bunt to short-stop. The ball was fielded and thrown in to first baseman, Roy Lee. While he was holding it the base runner knocked him down. Still holding the ball, which must have reached the baseman before the runner or it would never have been held, Roy claimed the put-out. The umpire declared him safe. Steal number one.

Then the base runner advanced to second as the game progressed. Stokes, Taber's pitcher, was watching closely, stepping out of the box to nab him the easier. As Stokes turned to face the batter, and while at least three feet from the box, the base-runner made a dash for third base. Naturally, Stokes threw to third base and the runner was caught ten feet out. Then came the big swipe. Raymond's umpire who was watching the bases, declared the runner safe as Stokes had made a balk, knowing all the time that Stokes was out of his box. There are few such glaring game steals as this.

Taber quit. What was the use of going on? That night at the dance that was in progress in the opera house the Raymond boys got even by refusing, even though the members of the Taber Club were their guests, to recognize them in the demands that ordinary white people accept as good manners.

In Cardston, the boys were treated royally, played baseball like a team of shingle-weavers, laughed at their own foolish plays, cheered their good natured and whole hearted victors, eat themselves full of victuals, got the nightmare, looked over the crops, had a good time with the ladies, shook hands all round, asked Cardston to come over and and give us a call, looked happy and felt the same. It was good to lose to such a dandy lot of fellows, especially when the losing had to come, for the best pitchers go to the well on off days.

In Magrath Taber had the home team to them for the same brush-league score. And they knew that Magrath could play better ball than their team put up, and Magrath knew that Taber could knock spots off Raymond, so that made them happy, the whole visit was a love feast. Then in the evening the team drove into Lethbridge and there was joy and peace that even Raymond cannot give or take away.

Cardston, and Magrath, and let us hope Raymond as well, are going to visit us. When they do there will be feasting, and the sound of joy bells, or joy wagons, it don't matter which, so long as the boys have a good time —and we win.

Poor old Sugar-Beets, with your pretty little pitcher, that looks like a starved beer stein, and acts, in a team, like a blue-mass pill in a breed, how often would we have gathered you into our kindly hearts and loved you like a bunch of sports.) But ye would not. Couldn't you be decent? There's not a great deal of honor in winning games as you win them. RAYMOND; take that pair of trouble makers out of your team. You know who are meant. They are not sports. There is another name for them—but the quiet of the evening and the love of a clean mouth demands that the name be left unsaid.

Relations are strained between your young people and those in the towns about you. Taber is challenging your team to play them for $500 a side. Come through, and in the coming you will know that Taber will have a sweet revenge. Magrath will not weep at your downfall. Cardston will cheer us on to victory, because we all know so well that unclean sport, and impolite treatment is the outside evidence of something radically rotten within.

TORIES CARRY MANITOBA.

LIBERALS BADLY BEATEN.

Roblin Government Will Have Majority of Thirteen. Winnipeg Splits Even. Cabinet Ministers All Elected. Edward Brown Defeated.

Winnipeg, Man., July 12th.—The general elections in the province yesterday resulted in a complete victory for the Conservatives. The standing when all the returns are to hand will likely be, Conservatives 27, Liberals 14. The result is a disappointment to the Liberals, who were confident they would defeat the Roblin government.

The government made a dead set on South Winnipeg in order to prevent the return of Edward Brown, whom they looked upon as the biggest man the Liberals have in the province.

Dr. Thornton's defeat in Deloraine was a surprise. He was one of the foremost Liberal debaters in the old Legislature.

All the cabinet ministers were returned by large majorities, the big lead of the Attorney General in Morris, being one of the outstanding features.

The Winnipegs split even, the victorious government candidates having narrow majorities.

The returns are as follows:

Arthur—Lyle, Cons., elected 100 majority.

Assiniboia—Benard, Cons., elected 400 mojority.

Avondale—Argue, Cons., with one poll to hear from, 83 majority.

Beautiful Plains—Howden, Cons., no opposition.

Birtle—Malcolm, Lib., 79 majority, incomplete, but elected.

Brandon City—Coldwell, Cons., 257 majority.

Carillon—Prefontaine, Cons., leads 120.

Cypress—Steele, Cons., leads 139 with one place to hear from.

Dauphin—Harvey, Cons., leads 60, with 4 polls to hear from.

Deloraine—Reid, Cons., 6 majority.

Dufferin—Roblin, Con., 400 majority.

Emerson—McFadden, Cons., 114 majority.

Gilbert Plains—Hughes, Cons., leads 112, four polls to hear from.

Gimli—Baldwinson, Cons., leads 25 majority, with nine polls to hear from.

Gladstone—Armstrong, Liberal, elected, 167 majority.

Hamiota—Ferguson, Cons., elected 400 majority.

Kildonan—Grain, Cons, leads 66 majority.

Killarney—Lawrence, Cons., 200 majority.

Lakeside—McPherson, Lib., 68 majority.

Landsdowne—Norris, Lib., 50 majority.

Lavendarye—Molloy, Lib., 50 majority.

Manitou—Rogers, Cons., elected, 410 majority.

Minnedosa—Thompson, Lib., 40 majority.

Morden—McConnell, Lib., elected 50 majority.

Morris—Campbell, Cons., elected 250 majority.

Mountain—Baird, Lib., elected 100 majority.

Norfolk—Lyons, Cons., elected 240 majority.

Portage—Armstrong, Cons., elected 165 majority.

Rhineland—Winkler, Lib., elected 146 majority.

Rockwood—Riley, Cons., 40 majority, two polls to hear from, probably elected.

Russell—Valens, Lib., leads 46, with two polls to hear from, in doubt.

St. Boniface—Bernier, Cons., elected 350 majority.

South Brandon—Carroll, Cons., 30, with one poll to hear from.

Springfield—Ross, Lib., elected 90 majority.

Swan River—Robson, Cons., leads 12 with four polls to hear from.

Turtle Mountain — Johnstone, Cons., elected 165 majority.

Virden—Simpson, Cons., elected 150 majority.

Winnipeg C—Taylor, Cons., elected 39 majority.

Winnipeg N—Green, Lib., elected 500 majority.

Winnipeg S—McMeans, Cons., elected, 65 majority.

Winnipeg S—Johnston, Lib., now leads by 33 and is probably elected.

Liberal headquarters here concede Rockwood to the Conservatives by 50 majority. South Brandon, Gilbert Plains, and Deloraine are reported to be in doubt. The Opposition figures indicate the return of 14 Liberals and 27 Conservatives.

◆

A NARROW ESCAPE

A broken line and a spirited horse causes trouble. The tragedy of a straight bit.

On Sunday afternoon Constable Glover and Mrs. Curran went out driving. The horse was spirited but the Constable had just mastered the gentle art of driving with one hand free when one of the lines broke. The pull on the remaining line drew the animal into a circle and the rig upset, throwing the occupants cut. We are glad to say that what might have been a serious accident was nothing more than a severe sprain of the lady's ankle.

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The Late Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia

The following story of the career of the late Emperor Menelik is from the London Daily Telegraph.

MENELIK II. “Negus Negasti,” ~~King of Kings~~, now known as Emperor of Abyssinia, was a remarkable man—one of the strong men of the nineteenth century. His ancestor, Menelik I., lived some twenty centuries ago, and agreeably to a tradition revered in Abyssinia, he was the son of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The late Emperor was the son of a poor woman, and was born in 1844. In 1867, when Theodore was Emperor, a British army was in Abyssinia under command of Sir Robert Napier—Lord Napier of Magdala — so called from the name of Theodore's capital, to punish the Abyssinian ruler for imprisoning a number of Europeans, one of whom was a representative of the British government. Our troops left the country without settling the government, and as in Zululand, after the deposition of Cetewayo, a period of chaos ensued. In 1872 Prince Kassai Tigre, an important province or state of Abyssinia, succeeded as Emperor Johannes. Menelik was a son of the Prince of Shoa, and was ensued between him and the Emperor John. In 1873 the latter recognized Menelik as King of Shoa, and when, in 1889, John fell in battle, Menelik became the Negus in his place.

It is the trouble of Abyssinia that it is a feudal state, with rival kingdoms always ready to dispute the supremacy. In the south is Shoa, in the northeast Tigre, in the centre and west Ambara, and whenever the Negus Negasti dies, any one of the chiefs, or Ras, of these kingdoms may challenge the succession. King Theodore belonged to Ambara, Prince Kassai or the Emperor John to Tigre, and Menelik to Shoa. The whole country is about the size of France, with some 11,000,000 of inhabitants. Under Menelik the unity of the state has been preserved, but all the anxieties of the deceased Emperor during the last two years have been to secure the continuance of that state of things after the death of the “King of Ethiopia, Lion of Judah, and Emperor of Abyssinia.”

Menelik was a born ruler, standing six feet high, of powerful physique, with a dark skin, short, curly beard, and eyes beaming with intelligence. Mr. Alfred Pease, M.P., who saw the Negus at his palace in Adis Abeba—now the capital—thus describes the reception: “I was entertained by Menelik at the Feast of the Baptism, and was present at a great dinner, at which 12,000 people sat down. I had, too, a long private audience of the Negus, and was much impressed by his kindly, simple sense and his benevolent expression, although I knew, of course, that he was capable of great severity towards offenders. We talked at some length of international jealousies, and of the Abyssinian suspicions of Europeans. Menelik admitted disappointment in years now passed in his dealing with certain powers. I told him that, no matter what party might be in power in England, we desired to maintain the best and most friendly relations with Menelik and his people, and assured him that he would never find us wanting in good faith. The emperor told me that he was a man of peace, although he was often forced to fight. ‘I want,’ he said, ‘friendship and good understanding between myself and Europeans.’ I think he was for a time alarmed at our proceedings in the Soudan; and there is no doubt that both our action there and our reverses in South Africa have been continually presented to him by interested parties in a greatly exaggerated form. He had thus come to doubt somewhat our desire to see him maintained in a strong, independent position. Menelik told me, in conclusion, that, though he used to be somewhat suspicious of Europeans, the more he saw of Englishmen the more he found them to be trustworthy and reliable. This is largely owing to Colonel Harrington's influence at his court. Menelik is now moving the capital from Adis Abeba, and is building a new palace at Adis Alen, a long day's journey to the northwest, where he can be quiet.”

Other accounts confirm the trust with which Menelik regarded the English, and for this we have largely to credit Lieut.-Colonel Sir J. L. Harrington, K.C.V.O., C.B., who was the British minister in Abyssinia from December, 1903, to 1909, and has been succeeded by the Hon. Wilfred Thesiger.

Like most foreign barbaric rulers who take lessons from European powers, the one matter in which he was anxious to rival us was the possession of a powerful army, and in this he succeeded too well. He was soon at the head of 150,000 troops. These warriors he trained with the severest discipline. To the bravest of them he allowed the privilege of wearing a lion's skin in battle, and it was given by the monarch himself, much as the Victoria Cross is given to English soldiers by their sovereign. These men can go on marching and fighting for three days without food, in spite of hot deserts or hilly country. Their whole training tends to make them brave and hardy. Menelik himself was a brave man. At the battle of Adowa, when the Mauser rifles of the Italian army were doing deadly execution among their dark foes, the emperor towards the close of the engagement rushed upon the enemy sword in hand, and slew several Italians. After military exercises Menelik used to command his men to squat down on the ground in long lines and fire ball cartridges into the air. The falling bullets generally killed a few of his subjects, but that was a small matter in his eyes if only he could thereby teach his people to be brave! Many of them are in the habit of attacking lions with only a spear, which must require rare coolness and skill combined if the lion is not to be the victor. Only a few years ago Menelik used to keep three full grown lions, and allowed them to roam about the grounds of his palace! Needless to say, they were a source of terror to many of the emperor's visitors. When asked by a European whether the lions ever killed people, Menelik replied, “Yes, they do occasionally, but we always kill the lion afterwards.” At the time of the great famine he had his lions killed, observing that he could not bear to feed wild beasts while his people were starving.

The religion of the Abyssinians is a corrupted form of Christianity, and was introduced into the country about 330 A.D. But, debased though it is from the teachings of Christ, it had no inconsiderable effect on the moral sentiments of the people. The doctrine of forgiveness is universally taught. A recent French writer, M. Hugues Le Roux, says: “You cannot dismiss a servant, or, with regard to a culprit, take a stand which everyone believes just, without being visited by the friends and the enemies of the delinquent. They all come and entreat you, ‘You are a Christian? Forgive him!’ And the humble do not ask merely that pardon shall be granted by their masters; they endeavor to practise it among themselves.” At the siege of Makelle the Italians were hemmed in by Ras Makonnen and his army of 15,000 men. They were perishing for want of water, and in their extremity sent forth their natives, 3,000 blacks, to propitiate the Ras (or governor), who gave them food and drink, and let them depart. Then the Italians, who were in a desperate plight, came out to beg for terms, and were received by Menelik, who said: “You have not been kind to me or mine; you have broken your pledged word and drawn the sword against us. Nevertheless, I do not wish it said that Christians died here like dogs. So you may go.” And not only were the Italians allowed to depart, but mules were provided for them.

Another good story of Menelik's humanity is told. The King of Kaffa, a rebellious vassal, was captured and brought before the emperor. Kaffa was a haughty potentate who “had himself fed by a slave, in order that he might reserve his hands for fighting his enemies.” Menelik's soldiers cried for his head. When the tumult had subsided and silence was restored, the “King of Kings” addressing the captive, said, “Go! You are less to blame than these men who wish sentence to be passed upon you by a man in anger.”

The late Sir Bartle Frere held that Great Britain ought to have retained her influence over Abyssinia after the expedition of 1867. All that has happened since goes to confirm that view. In 1884, when Mr. Gladstone's government resolved to separate the Soudan from Egypt—a most unfortunate resolve —Massowa, on the Red sea, the one port of that part of the world, was tendered to the Italians, who accepted the offer. The Abyssinians naturally resented this transaction and difficulties arose between the Italians and the Abyssinians, and in 1893 war broke out. The Italians, after various successes, suffered two reverses at Amba Alagi and Makele, and, having advanced too far southward, were compelled to fall back. In February, 1896, General Baratieri took the field at the head of 13,000 men. Menelik advanced to meet him with 90,000 of his braves, and a desperate fight took place on March 1, at Adna, or Adowa. It was a difficult country, and one of the four Italian brigades pushed forward too far, and was attacked by overwhelming numbers, and the other brigades, advancing in support, suffered terrible losses. In all, they lost 4,000 men and 2,000 prisoners. General Baldessira advanced with large reinforcements to avenge the defeat, but the Abyssinians retired, and eventually peace was concluded, and finally the question of frontiers was settled in 1900.

To Italy the war was disastrous, but it attracted to Abyssinia the regard of European powers, and Russian, French, British and Italian representatives were sent to the Abyssinian capital. Mr. (now Sir) Rennell Rodd in 1897 concluded a friendly treaty with Abyssinia, and from that time onward British influence has been increasing.

The Abyssinian potentate had a passion for machinery, and he owed to a recent British traveller, Mr. Bentley, his first ride in a motor car.

Menelik married in 1883 Taitu, his Queen, considered in her time to have been a great beauty. She had been originally wedded to one of King Theodore's generals, who was put in chains by that monarch. As a further punishment she was then compulsorily married to a common soldier, and from this her second husband she was divorced, and after the imprisonment of her third she retired to a convent, intending to remain there for the rest of her days. Changing her mind, however, she emerged from her seclusion and married a fourth time. What became of this husband is not stated, but 24 years ago, all difficulties having been removed she took as her fifth husband the Emperor Menelik. But there has been no heir and the question of the succession is a serious one. So far as the European powers are concerned, England, France and Russia will find no difficulty to come to an agreement; but in Abyssinia the situation is not so clear.

The fact is, as was well known in Abyssinia, the ambitious Taitou, or Taitu, was plotting to succeed Menelik as Empress. A forceful personality she has for years been working to this end. But, though Menelik had no son, he had a daughter, who married Ras Mikhall, an important Tigran prince, and she bore him a son, Prince Lidj Eyassu, or Yassu. This youth who is, of course, Menelik's grandson, is now about 14 years of age, and despite all the intrigue of Taitu, the emperor determined two years, or possibly more, ago to nominate Eyassu as his successor. Around the death-bed of the old Negus there have been endless intrigues, of which the empress was the centre, as she resolutely clung to the hope of securing the crown of Ethiopia for herself. All the while she was counting on the Princes of Shoa and the south to support her cause.

In order to counteract these manoeuvres, the cabinet of Menelik definitely nominated Lidj Eyassu, or Yassu, in succession to the Negus, and to prepare him for the future a European tour was arranged for him. Beginning with Rome he was to visit all the principal capitals of Europe. But the renewed grave illness of Menelik prevented the carrying out of this project. If the emperor should die while the young prince was in Europe, his chances of succession would be seriously jeopardized. So Lidj Eyassu remained near his grandfather, who assembled all the great chiefs, and had an imperial decree issued solemnly declaring Lidj Eyassu as his successor, “the curse of heaven being invoked on whomsoever failed to recognize him and serve him faithfully.” At the same time Ras Tesama, a trusted counsellor, was confirmed in his position as guardian to the prince.

The curse of the dying potentate is so characteristic of the man, and so typical of the country that it is worth while to quote it. These were its terms:

“If anyone be found so bold as to say ‘We will not obey Eyassu, and will throw the kingdom into disorder,’ may the malediction incurred by Judah, may the anathema launched against Arius, fall upon him. May the land abjure him, who abjures my words, and may a black dog be born to him for a son!

“Know all you, whom I have raised to dignity, know all you great and small, that I curse all who shall disobey me, and who after my death do not follow my grandson.

“And finally to remove all danger lest my son Eyassu and his guardian should do evil and depart from my ways and from my will, know also that against both I hurl the same anathema, in case they should betray their trust.”

This document was read with all solemnity by the High Priest Matheas, in the Hall of Audiences, to the assembled chiefs; and after its perusal the high priest solemnly anathematized all those who should dare to ignore the

Curses and anathemas ma ybe powerful in Abyssinia, but Ras Tesara, the guardian of the young prince and the chiefs who are in the interest of the heir apparent, at Adis Abeba, had to consider the machinations of the living empress, as well as the maledictions of the stricken emperor; and they came to the conclusion that the succession was not safe while Taitu remained in the capital. They therefore decreed that she should be deposed and must quit the imperial palace. At the same time Ras Tesama took over the reins of government. To make the work complete it was ordered that all the appointments made by the Empress in the provinces should be annuled, the former chiefs being reinstated, in accordance with their prior rights. At the same time all the loyal chiefs swore allegiance to the Prince Eyassu, before the Metropolitan or High Priest Matheas.

According to the latest news the Emperor Menelik had suffered two or three seizures, the last being a paralytic affection of the brain, which rendered speech almost impossible.

Work on New Assiniboine Railway Bridge Adjoining Union Depot

The position of a Negus only 14 years old in a country like Abyssinia is, of course, precarious, and much will depend upon the character and energy of the Regent, Ras Tesama. As prince, Eyassu, the heir presumptive, was educated with great care. He speaks French, German and English intelligibly, and is said to be greatly attracted by European culture. Report has it that he is of a shy and retiring disposition, which is not improbable in the case of one brought up, as he has been, by the brothers of a Coptic monastery. The European representatives will, of course, do their best to prevent the outbreak of a civil war, and, happily, of late years, western influence has grown considerably in Abyssinia.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

(By A. Maurice Low, in the London Morning Post)

IT is known to everyone who has only a superficial knowledge of Anglo-American relations that for many years Canada was a thorn in the flesh of the United States, and it was on account of Canada that Great Britain and the United States more than once narrowly escaped severing diplomatic relations, and perhaps the more serious consequences that might have followed. . . . . The principal duty of the British Minister accredited to Washington in the latter half of the last century was to keep the peace and patch up agreements that should tide over the latest crisis.

Americans of that day had, in their own vernacular, “no use for Canada.” They spoke about Canadians contemptuously as “Canucks,” which made most Canadians want to fight; Americans felt that they were big and strong and rich; they sneered at Canada with its small population, and talked in spread-eagle fashion of “manifest destiny,” of the day to come when Canada would fall into their lap and be part of the American Union. For Americans appreciated the potential wealth and strength of the Dominion, and in their fear saw an arrow pointed at their heart; or they gave rein to their imagination, and say how enormously the power and riches of their own country would be increased by the absorption of the territory to the north of them. Naturally, Canada resented this, and was embittered. She struggled on, making slow but steady progress. It was for years the complaint of Canada that she was “sacrificed” to Imperial interests; that whenever any question arose between Great Britain and the United States, England invariably surrendered everything to the United States without regard to the interests of Canada. It is not a profitable task to rake over the dead embers of national antipathies. Undoubtedly Canada had much to complain of.

A further ground of Canadian complaint was that England neither understood her Canadian children nor cared much about them. It was the same complaint that was made by the American Colonists a hundred years earlier. It is unfortunate that English schoolboys are not taught American history as read by the light of modern interpretation. Nothing is clearer than that England lost her American Colonies because she was out of sympathy with them; because the pragmatic Englishman of the eighteenth century had no comprehension of the aims and aspirations of his brothers across the seas; because, perhaps more important of all, there was no “grand legislative of the nation,” as Otis proposed, in which the spokesmen of the Colonies might be heard. Had the Colonies been represented in Westminster through their delegates or in an Imperial or Empire Council probably the bond of Empire might not have been severed. It is not necessary to follow in detail the recognition slowly forced upon the United States that Canada was a commercial Power to be reckoned with and the repeated attempts made by Canada to establish more neighborly relations.

The conclusion of a reciprocity treaty more than fifty years ago, it was thought at that time, would remove all cases of friction and promote that mutually advantageous trade that naturally ought to exist between adjacent countries, but it failed of its purpose and left matters much in the shape they were before. Passing rapidly over the intervening years, there were from time to time attempts made to revive the reciprocal agreements, but without success. Canada sent envoys to treat with the Americans, who received their visitors with scant courtesy; and matters drifted until 1897, when Mr. McKinley was President. Sir Wilfred Laurier, elected on a platform of closer trade relations with the United States, came to Washington and labored earnestly with President McKinley to make concessions to Canada in the Tariff Bill then under consideration; but Mr. McKinley was a stiff Protectionist, who saw no virtue in concessions, and least of all to Canada, which, it was supposed, had no power of reprisal. The Dingley Tariff piled up the duties on Canadian agricultural products, whose natural market was the United States. Sir Wilfred Laurier felt that his friendly overtures had been ungenerously received, and that Canada would not take the initiative in endeavoring to promote friendship. Canada had made these periodical pilgrimages to Washington in the role of a suppliant. Never again would Canada go to Canossa.

There begins now to be written a fresh chapter in the history of the development of Canada. Owing to geographical proximity, Canada considered that it was more important to cultivate the American than the English market, but she commences now a policy of Preference to England so as to discriminate against American importations that would naturally be brought into compe- Mother Country, while at the same time she carefully protects her own rapidly-growing industries. The policy works well. Canada comes increasingly to rely upon herself, trade to and from the United States expands to the advantage of both, and England does not suffer. Canada now takes complete charge of her trade relations, concluding conventions with other Powers without the formality of passing them through the hands of the Imperial authorities. That Canada enjoyed complete autonomy so far as her customs and tariff were concerned did not escape attention in this country, especially in New England, in Massachusetts and Maine more particularly, in which states there has existed the strongest opposition to Canada. Long standing grievances of Massachusetts and Maine fishermen against the Dominion authorities, a heavy influx of French-Canadians willing to work in the textile mills of those states at lower wages than the American, the border competition of farmers in agricultural products, the carefully cherished grievances of New England against Old England—for nowhere in the country are memories kept alive as they are in Massachusetts—made New England anti-English, and therefore anti-Canadian.

But side by side with this narrow policy of isolation there has grown up during the last few years a strong feeling in favor of reciprocity and freer trade relations with Canada. Senator Lodge, like all men of advancing years who have long clung to one idea, leads the older and at the present time more numerous party; Mr. Foss, whose election to Congress lately created such a sensation, leads the other. Mr. Foss, who began his political life as a Republican, has publicly stated that he was driven out of the Republican party by Senator Lodge because he advocated reciprocity with Canada. He reports Senator Lodge as having said to him a few years ago: “Foss, you are in the wrong party. There is no place in the Republican party in Massachusetts for a man who believes as you do, and who makes the fight you have tried to make. You will make no headway with this cause of yours in the Republican party. I shall see to that.” To which Mr. Foss alleges he replied at the time: “Lodge, I believe you will live to regret that statement.” Prophetic words that seem on their way to fulfilment.

THE PROBLEM OF THE AURORA

THE polar auroras—boreal and austral—are mysteries as yet unexplained. The theories attributing them to optical, magnetic, and electrical causes remain debatable. Professor Dudley, of the University of Nashville, attributes them to the presence of neon, a very rare gaseous element which possesses the property of becoming luminous.

This strange element is made luminous by the action of magnetic discharges formed by ions. Neon condenses under the action of the cold of extremely high atmospheric regions and of the glacial zones. Dr. Dudley has succeeded in isolating a very small quantity of this gas, which is a product so evasive that one hundred tons of air are required for the obtaining of a single quart.

The experiments of Professor Dudley prove that a false aurora borealis in all its colors may be produced by introducing neon into a Crookes tube and subjecting it to the action of Hertzian waves.

The Horseman

AT the biennial congress of the American Trotting Association, while there is apparently no question of great importance to come up, the proposed hopple rule is liable to provoke a warm debate, as it is well known that a large number of delegates are coming on specially to fight for or against the proposal. The other amendments are not calculated to provoke much adverse discussion, as they are obviously for the benefit of both associations and horsemen and will appeal to the common sense of the delegates. The question of sending a correct list of nominations to the parent association, and the necessity of informing nominators if classes have not been filled is important. The amendment rule (7) will read as follows:

“It shall be the duty of the secretary or other person authorized to publish the list of entries, and to mail each nominator and to the secretary of the American Trotting Association a copy of the same. In case any race has not filled, the secretary or corresponding officer shall, within ninety-six hours after closing of entries, notify each nominator, either by telegraph or mail, that said class has not filled. Any member failing to comply with this rule shall, upon conviction by the board of appeals, be fined, suspended or expelled.”

The central office is the only repository of information with regard to the eligibility of entries, and the secretary is the only man who can give the member accurate information. On the other hand, the nominator has a right to know what he will have to start against, and he should certainly be quickly notified if the class or classes have not been filled. The second clause of the same rule will read as follows:

“A complete list of nominations to any stake or instalment plan purse shall be published within fifteen days after the date of closing and mailed to each nominator and the secretary of the American Trotting Association, and if the subsequent payments of entrance fees are required by the published conditions to be made on specified dates, a complete list of those making each payment shall be published within ten days after it becomes due and mailed to each nominator and the secretary of the American Trotting Association, and, furthermore, if the nominations can be transferred or substituted, each transfer or substitution, in the event of any being made, shall appear in the first list published after the date fixed by the conditions. The failure of a member to comply with this rule shall relieve nominators from liability for entrance or penalties for non-payment of entrance in the event.”

This rule should be very carefully read by secretaries, as there is a very drastic condition attached. If the member fails to comply with the rule, the nominator is relieved from all liability for entrance fees or penalties for their non-payment. There is nothing so annoying or unjust as for an owner to come to a meeting and find that the only race he had entered in had been declared off. It is a serious loss of time and money which many small owners cannot afford to lose, but as a general principle no rich owner should suffer on this account.

There has always been more or less heart burning over certain owners getting special terms of entries far more advantageous than the published conditions. It is notorious that at one time a big stable which hailed from near Buffalo always carried along two or three special attractions and expected that these exhibitions would pay for all the entry fees in the regular classes. Sometimes it worked and sometimes it did not. Amended rule 12 will stop all preference. It reads as follows:

“A member shall not offer to a nominator or owner any inducement not offered to all, nor shall a member pay or offer to pay shipping or other expenses to any nominator, unless such offer is made to all. Any such offer or inducement must be included in the published conditions of the meeting. Violation of this rule shall be punished by a fine of not less than $10 nor exceeding $100 for each offense.”

This is a good sound democratic rule which protects the little fellow with one horse and does no injustice to the owner of a big stable. The rule with regard to identity and eligibility has been simplified. It is an amendment to rule 22 and reads thus:

“Any member or any officer of this association or any party competing in the race may call for information concerning the identity or eligibility of any horse that is or has been entered on the grounds of a member, and may demand an opportunity to examine such horse with the view to establish his identity or eligibility, and if the owner or party controlling such horse shall refuse to afford such information or to allow such examination, the horse and said owner or party may be suspended or expelled by the judges pending the race, or thereafter by the member, or by the president of this association.”

Old rule 26, which made all engagements void by death, has been amended so that if a horse or a partner survive the engagement is still alive. This is in the interest of the surviving partner, who should not have his just interests destroyed by the death of the other member of the firm. Here is the amended rule:

“All engagements, including obligations for entrance fees, shall be void upon the decease of either party or horse, prior to the starting of the race, so far as they shall affect the deceased party or horse, except when assumed by an estate before the next payment becomes due; but where the proprietorship is in more than one person, and any survive, the survivor and horse shall be held; but forfeits, also matches made ‘play or pay,’ shall not be affected by the death of the horse.”

THE MAN WHO WINS

The Play Day

WE must all have a play day. Play recreates, and the real purpose, a creating anew, should always be kept in mind. “Killed while at play” seems a terrible irony, as we read it in a news item. Ought we to rest that we may work, or work that we may rest? Neither. We both eat to live and live to eat. We must rest if we would work on. We may rest if we work as we should.

If work is one of man's greatest blessings, and it surely is, so is rest one of his greatest goods. Only the fool attempts impossible reasoning as to comparisons that will not compare.

The play day shines before it comes. Its anticipation is almost its larger half, and rightly. It thus keeps up our nerve. Probably the ox, a hard worker, does not anticipate half an hour; he begins to trot when in sight of the stall.

But man pictures the palaces of a round world trip for years and toils on in hope. The memories of a play day are riches which no sheriff can attach. They pay dividends by the hour in our old age when we sit crooning on a staff.

The general estimate of recreation is not sufficiently thoughtful. Too often it is “Any old thing, so I get away from work.” This explains the injuries received, the impediments in our career the result. The great lawyer unbends and gets drunk as a fiddler. The thoughtless young fellow could not be expected to be more cautious. The released volition, not then on guard, leaves one defenseless. A very successful employer of men said: “I only want to know the character of his play to estimate a man's capacity for work.” The play day is like a Pullman sleeper. Where do you find yourself in the morning as you look out of the window?

As a general law one's recreations should be quite removed from the ordinary work of life. Maybe there are different brain cells to be used, maybe not; but we all know the value of forgetting the routine for a few hours. There is always lying next to the path a man who did take another path he almost took.

The merchant came near being a machinist. Naturally his recreation is a little private shop with vise and lathe. The thing one longs to do, if it does not hurt, is the right plan. More than once an avocation has grown into a vocation. The happiness of pursuing a favorite line in off hours proved so great and the educational power so obvious that the man discovered he had missed his calling.

That very frequent experience speaks volumes as to what recreation should be. It is poor business, to say the least, when recreation actually injures one for his calling. There is always the other fellow to be considered in the play. We do not, as a rule, like to injure another person just to amuse ourselves.

If we do, we shall find this strange law: The companion of a bad play day can wound us more vitally than any one else on earth. If we have demanded of another abasement and loss of honor to amuse us the avengement is as sure as daylight. On the other hand, there are few sweeter memories than of our innocent childhood playmates, few more ennobling friendships than those of congenial and worthy hours of play.

A FAMOUS HIPPOPOTAMUS

THE body of Caliph, who was for thirty years the undisputed hippopotamus king of Central Park, New York, has just been mounted at the Museum of Natural History in that city. Caliph was the largest and most famous hippopotamus in the world, being twelve feet in length, and weighed four tons. The great skin, which contained 100 square feet, was fitted over a manikin cast obtained from a modelled figure of the big animal. This is the first hippopotamus to be mounted by the new method of plastic taxidermy, and the work was executed by Frederick Blaschke. Caliph's six sons are now distributed among the leading zoological gardens of the world, one at present in the New York Zoological Park having been sold for three thousand dollars. They are the only hippopotami born in captivity that have lived and thrived. Caliph was captured in the River Nile in infancy, in 1877.

STONE GONGS

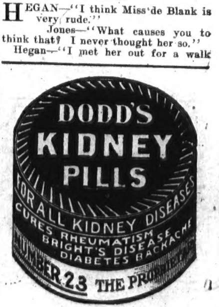
AT Chufu, the birthplace of Confucius, there are to be seen some remarkable examples of sounding-stones or stone gongs. One of these stones, which are composed of a grayish oolitic limestone, has been shaped into a cover for an incense-dish placed in front of the tomb of the grandson of Confucius. When struck with a stick, or with the knuckles, it rings like bronze, and the sound is so distinct that it is difficult to believe, without inspection, that the object is not really composed of metal.

Sounding-stones are known in other countries. There is a bridge at Corick, in Mayo County, Ireland, which is locally known as the “musical bridge,” because the stones forming the coping give out a musical note when struck.

HEGAN—“I think Miss de Blank is very rude.”

Jones—“What causes you to think that? I never thought her so.”

Hegan—“I met her out for a walk



MISERABLE WITH DYSPEPSIA

Another Wonderful Cure By That Wonderful Fruit Medicine "Fruit-a-tives."

Mr. Mathias Dery, of 225 Church street, Ottawa, Ont., was treated for years by physicians for Painful Dyspepsia. He spent so much money for doctor's medicines without getting much relief that he had about made up his mind that his case was hopeless.

Seeing "Fruit-a-tives" advertised, however, Mr. Dery thought he would invest 50c in a box of these wonderful fruit juice tablets.

And this famous fruit medicine did for Mr. Dery what all the doctors could not do—it cured him.

He writes:—"Fruit-a-tives" positively cured me of severe Dyspepsia when physicians failed to relieve me."

"Fruit-a-tives" makes the stomach sweet and clean, insures sound digestion and regulates bowels, kidneys and skin.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c—at all dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

SHE longed for a new hat. So she began to worry her husband for a new dress.

He: "A new dress! Can't afford it. If you wanted gloves, or a new hat, I wouldn't mind. But a new dress!"

She: "Well, don't get flurried, dearest! You know I always give in. So just buy me a new hat."

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Kills Bone Spavin

Rich Valley, Alta, May 20th. 1909
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OLE CARLSON.

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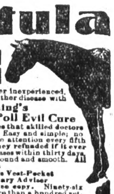

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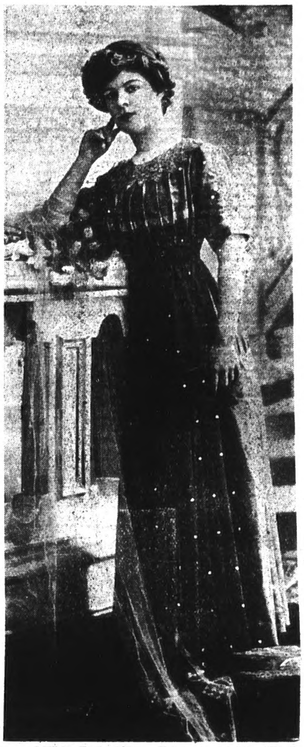
DAME FASHION'S DECREES

MIDSUMMER styles feature garments of linen and of rough silks in suits and in dresses. There is a special liking for the rough linens which are converted into two-piece suits, smartly tailored. Not only are these shown in white but in many of the dark tones, such, in fact, as make them adapted for traveling purposes or every day wear.

As to the shape of these garments there is nothing absolutely new to report. The coat with the short length has proved extremely popular with fashionable dressers, and, therefore, with others. At present there seems not the slightest disposition to lengthen the suit coat. As a matter of fact the tendency is in a contrary direction and it how looks as if coats of the persuasion of the pony model of several seasons ago might be carried before a great while. The waist-length coat, popularly known as the Eton, is exploited in summer models for misses and young matrons.



Blue and White Foulard Gown Trimmed with Blue Silk Lace

Because of the vogue of peasant styles there is a liking just now, for coats of satin and of voile made in Russian effect. Black is the favorite color although for midsummer use there are chic little models in white voile, serge and canvas cloth. As a rule, the trimming consists of collar of satin of the color of the cloth with more or less embroidery in colors. Since the chantecler rage has set in, not a few of the white coats are piped with red, others have low-rolled collars of red satin.

Very interesting are the new Norfolk coats which are offered as suit accompaniments or as a separate garment for country wear with the skirt of white serge, linen or pique. In color, the coats may be white, navy or a bright red; the trimming of black satin, red satin or foulard, and the belts of patent leather, red or black. The materials most favored are serge and hopsaking. These coats are exceedingly smart when worn by the right person at the right time, i.e., by the youthful on the golf links, the steamer or while coaching across country.

For motor wear the long, rather loose coat of shantung or of changeable taffeta is given the preference. Other fabrics used are gloria, lansdowne and the coarsely woven linens. The natural tan tones lead and after them the choice appears to be for the leather tones, which are rather smart and which have the advantage of not readily showing the dust. Many of the motor coats are trimmed with foulard, which material forms, also, the lining. For steamer wear there are mannish coats of camel hair blankets, Scotch worsteds and covert cloths.

So much for the outermost garment which is one of the most important in the summer wardrobe. Mention must be made of the little tunic coats of net, lace and chiffon that are being ordered by fashionable women for wear with evening gowns, and as an accessory for the boudoir robe. They are fragile, very charming and very modish.

Summer frocks are extremely simple in their lines and made of exquisite cachemire mousselines and chiffons relieved by bands of satin or embroidery. The skirts incline to scant lines, or rather, the front band is very narrow, confining the fulness of the skirt proper closely about the ankles the width not measuring, in extreme instances, more than one and a quarter yards. These skirts are adaptations, for the most part, of originals introduced early in the season in the French models of Poiret, who has recently gained a reputation for originality combined with extreme simplicity. Of course his models are not for all women; but on those who can affect them they are charming indeed.

As a rule the blouses that form part of these odd skirts are the simplest (apparently) of simple affairs. But because of the simple effect of the finished garment, the cutting and fitting of the material requires expert fingers and an experienced eye. The beauty of the style is all in the lines.

Briefly, the sleeves are short and cut in one with the body of the blouse. The neck is semi-low and finished with a flat, closely plaited frill of chiffon, white batiste or fine linen or of satin. This frill may also be used for a turn-back cuff on the elbow sleeve. There are no plaits, gathers or other figure motifs on these new blouses; so only those with good figures, slim, and well formed, should essay to wear them. Dresses of shantung, voile, foulard, and of the soft cotton fabrics are made in the Poiret style for summer exploitation.

Separate blouses follow the lines of the dress bodices. They are attractively simple in effect. Some recent models are made of figured chiffon voile as being more durable than the chiffon or chiffon cloth. The foundation color matches the skirt and the figure may be white or of a harmonizing tint. Other models are of the Persian mousselines and chiffons over a lining of plain chiffon or of China silk.

Touches of the "cachemire"—or Persian—are seen on all manner of garments—coats, blouses, dresses and suits. It has proved a prime favorite with the milliners, too, since it makes a most effective trimming for both small and large hats. It is likely that we shall see a greater use of the Persian colorings when the fall garments are brought forward.

In lingerie dresses there is noted a considerable use of fine embroidery flouncing combined with Valenciennes, Cluny and baby Irish crochet lace. These materials are employed quite extensively for misses and juniors' commencement and party frocks. They are very lovely when relieved by a broad ribbon sash of pale blue, pink or apricot tone. Bordered cotton marquisettes and batistes are combined with lace insertions and motifs for the fashioning of party frocks for the younger set.

More material than ever before in the history of the trade is being used by the dressmakers, although this may be slightly exaggerated. The fact is, however, that the use of materials, one over the other, accounts for phenomenal needs in yards and dress lengths. It is common for a gown to have three layers—a silk foundation, an interlining of net or gauze and an outer veiling of some transparency. Net is seldom posed over silk because of the consequent flat, wallpaper result. And it is not uncommon to find more than one interlining of gauze for the sake of the irridescent effect which is desired.

Three-toned silks in the loveliest chameleon tones are abundant in all the blends that one can think of, but more popular with the dressmaker is the chameleon effect brought out by gauze over gauze until the shimmer of broken tints is what she is looking for. Oftentimes five layers of material are used to bring out a rich effect, as, for instance, the foundation silk in black, white or some bright color, white chiffon, coarse gold or silver net and black chiffon, and a fancy mesh net over it all.

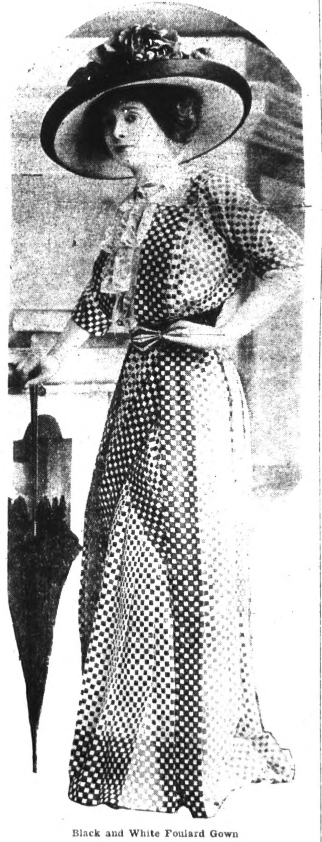
Veiled effects are the leading whim of the hour, and so much so that one finds all sorts of gauze over-dresses and waists in the shops. Chiffon jumper waists with square or round necks and half sleeves come in black or color to match any toilet. They are worn over lingerie waists or gowns or over silk or satin waists or gowns. Gauze tunics, plain or elaborate as could be wanted, with braid and embroidery are all ready to slip over lingerie, lace or silk gowns.

Chantecler—The pink cerise of a rooster's comb is a leading tone among trimmings. Buttons engraved with or made in rooster shape are the latest. One of the oddest buttons has a portrait of the famous play writer who is responsible for the craze, and the entire figure of a rooster jewelled elaborately.

Black gauze or lace gowns with bright colored sashes, scarfs and other accessories are one of the prominent fancies for watering places. Vivid green, bright cerise and golden yellow are the most used colors. The gowns are often made over bright linings of the kind, while spangled or jetted black nets, laces or chiffon drape them.

The laces chiefly used for gowns are of the fine silk ones of chantilly or maline order. The chiffons and nets are braided as elaborately as ever or are embroidered in bold patterns with coarse floes in padded designs. Such embroideries indeed not only trim the silk and fine gauzes, but also lingerie gowns and waists.

The old wheat stitch, which is a variant or direct copy of the coarse fagot stitch used by convent workers on altar cloths in making wheat ears, is one of the natural developments of the liking for coarse embroidery on fine fabrics. This work, it might be said, goes fast and is possible for the veriest amateur needle. Patterns stamped with scroll and other conventionalized motives are done entirely in this way, except for narrow lines, which are intended to suggest stems and for the dots, which may be worked into eyelets or solid spots. The coarse floss work may easily be accomplished on the gauzes and thin silks with great effect for small outlay of time and effort.



Black and White Foulard Gown

Nightcaps have come in again, and very dainty they are. Many materials are used, but fine lawn seems to be the first choice. Made like a baby's cap, fitting snugly around the face, with little white ties under the chin, they are most becoming to round-cheeked lassies, especially if the round cheeks are also rosy. A French idea is to use China silk, as that material is supposed to be good for the hair. The cap can be gathered with a little ruffle of the silk or made close-fitting and edged with narrow lace. A fascinating little cap made for a bride was of fine Brussels net, oval in shape and pleated at the back of the neck. The border was of two rows of lace insertion, with deep scallops. It was caught together by the scallops, and blue satin ribbon, one inch wide, was threaded through the holes. A little rosette of the ribbon, with a bunch of tiny rosebuds, was on top at the right side, and a last coquettish touch was given by a rosette of ribbon and roses under the left ear. Such a cap is, of course, better fitted for day wear, and ought to be a solace for the tedium of convalescence, when one's appearance becomes important and occupations are still out of the question.

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FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

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The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited
WINNIPEG, MAN.

"IT'S STRENGTH, BODY AND FLAVOUR THAT THE FAMILIES FAVOUR, THEY GET WHAT THEY PAY FOR" IN "CANAWELLA" TEA

SAWS WITHOUT TEETH

THE employment of circular disks of iron, turning with great velocity, but posessing no teeth on the edge, for sawing metal, has become common in many workshops. Among other places where such saws without teeth are used are the celebrated Krupp gun works, where armor plate is sometimes cut in this manner. The process is not a newly discovered one. As long ago as 1824 Darrier and Colladon, at Geneva, experimented with swiftly rotating disks of iron. They found that when a disk about seven inches in diameter turned with a peripheral velocity of ten metres per second, it could be cut with a steel tool pressed against it, but that when the velocity was increased to twenty-one metres per second the iron was unaffected and the steel tool was damaged. At a velocity of sixty metres per second the iron disk even cut quartz and agate.

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THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1910

From the Sanctums.

What the editors are saying.

Sailing, Sailing! "Are you going abroad on a fellowship?" "No; on a cattleship."—A Harvard Lampoon.

——o—o——

An Echo of the "Box Cars." Sir Frederic Villiers says Canada should build airships instead of battleships. But wouldn't grain boats be better still?—Montreal Star.

——o—o——

It Doesn't. The fact that June has come and gone by by no means should have any influence on the prospective July, August and September bride.—Butte Miner.

——o—o——

Bring only a few. The King of Siam purposes visiting America this summer, but will bring only forty of his wives with him. The curtains on the royal coach will be drawn closely when the train passes through Reno.—Vancouver Province.

——o—o——

"R-O-T-T-E-N?" The judges in the Waterways Commission will give their finding next September. Meanwhile the public has found the following verdict:

"ROTTEN"

With no qualifications.—Winnipeg Tribune.

——o—o——

Lost Faith in Liberalism. With the charges and counter charge the Manitoba elections have passed off and the Conservative Government is still firmly in power. The efforts of the Liberals have been most vigorous. Not only have the acts of the government as a whole have attacked, but charges of personal irregularity have been made most indiscriminately against its ministers.

But the voters have sized the situation up for themselves. The recent legislation of the government has been on lines which were loudly demanded by the Manitobans, and while some of the laws may seem a little advanced, the western people demand them. The best ideas of the best men of the world are to be found in the west., and it is natural that a government that keeps in touch with the needs of a country should introduce up-to-date measures.

Liberal candidates had no specific reasons to advance for their return. Promises of better government were not taken seriously. The close affiliation of the Liberals of the province with the party at Ottawa made the electorate hesitate before trusting affairs in the hands of those who had been found so utterly incompetent. They looked to Alberta and they saw how far a Liberal government can fall short of giving the people representative government. Federal domination of provincial affairs was a thing to guard against.

The electors of Manitoba made a wise choice yesterday. The loss of a few seats will have a beneficial effect. It will keep the Conservates up to the mark and ensure even a better government for Manitoba than it has had in the past and that has been found satisfactory to a great majority of the people.—Calgary Herald.

——o—o——

To Save the Party. In an attempt to bolster up a discredited party the Morning Albertan is making a ludicrous effort to hold Hon. W. H. Cushing as a martyr. To those acquainted with the facts it is a joke. The Liberal party in Alberta has always been under the lash of its creators. Independence of action was a thing unknown. The Albertan has been as well trained as any. The ex-minister of public works was willing to allow his constituents to be made fools of—in fact he hoodwinked them himself because it was the wish of the party.

Later, the Liberal member for Calgary and the Liberal organ in Calgary were loud mouthed insurgents. The reason in one case was not patriotism and time will undoubtedly show that the reason for the other change was not entirely an impersonal one. Now that the insurgents led by Mr. Cushing and whose aspirations were heartily backed by the Albertan, have utterley failed and both are discredited by their party and the people, the pose of martyrdom is adopted.

The Morning Albertan is still very much grieved because some of the provincial papers have wondered why some explanation was not made long ago of the bridge company's cheque which was made out to and endorsed by Hon. W. H. Cushing. If the Albertan would give some of the facts of the case it would be a whole lot more satisfactory to the people. Mr. Cushing knew that the instance had been brought out at the royal commission, but months have elapsed and neither Mr. Cushing nor the Albertan have given any intimation that they desired to tell about it.

The whole thing is that Mr. Cushing has lost favor with his party and the voters generally. The morning paper must know that he has lost ground. If it does not it lacks information which it could obtain from the Liberals in Calgary and of which Mr. Cushing himself is well aware.

Liberal rule is distasteful to the people of the west. All the politicians of that brand have been found sadly lacking, not only in statesmanship but in common sense.. It would be much more creditable for the Albertan to play the game and not do the cry-baby act. The Liberal party is discredited. The men whom it hailed as the greatest statemen a little over a year ago have now, by the morning paper's oft told tale, proved to be utterly incompetent. If the Albertan was to boost for Mr. Cushing till it was black in the face it could not restore the Liberal party to favor.—Calgary Herald.

The Mormon Pioneer of 1847.

Who has not heard the sad story of those, who, for conscience sake,
Were driven from civilization, and marched to the Great Salt Lake?
No artist can paint the picture, no writer can pen the tale,
Of their sufferings and privations that makes every brave heart fail.
Driven—in the depths of winter—by Christians—fellow-men,
Their homes were confiscated, no shelter had they then.
Men, women, and children, none, old or young were spared,
While in the silent night watches, the voice of the spoiler was heard.
Persecuted by civilized people, the Indian their friend became,
And proved by their kindly treatment, to be savages only in name.
The path that was trod by those thousands is called the Mormon trail, 'tis said,
Right well did it gain its title, for a trail they left, of their dead.
There is the grave of a mother, there, the grave of a son,
The father is left and the children, but their day's work is done.
Wives bury their husbands, parents their children too,
Just a pause while they bury them sadly, then up and their journey renew.
No time for vain repining, when others need attention sore,
When the sick are lying unattended, and death claims just one more.
Cheering each other they journeyed, with songs, and hymns, and prayer,
Bearings each other's burdens, sharing each other's care.
A command to the dismay of the women, came from the nation then,
To fight for their Country against Mexico, furnish five hundred men.
"You shall have your fighting battalion," was the answer by the leader given,
"Though all our men are needed and the women's hearts are riven."
Traitors they are called to their country, but they gave of their bravest and best,
Some of whom never returned, but reached a sure haven of rest.
Though crippled by the loss of their strong ones, they at last reached the Great Salt Lake,
Brigham Young said "our march is ended, right here our home we'll make."
For the Prophet in vision saw clearly the commonwealth that would grow,
The Truth proclaimed by its people that all the world might know.
Now in the once barren valley, the Temple of God doth stand,
The home of God's chosen people, the fairest city in the land.
So now we meet to commemorate on each twenty-fourth of July,
The march of those brave hearted people, the pioneers of days gone by.
Long shall we reverence their memory, yes, long as the earth shall stand,
For their sufferings and privations have gained us the promised land.

Miss Molly Aspmall, Author.
Barnwell, Alta.

The People's Forum

(While the Free Press welcomes, at all times, communications to its columns it is understood that the editor does not holds himself responsible for any views that may thus be expressed.)

That Taber should have a "live" weed inspector, no one will deny. Noxious weeds, including that dreaded Russian thistle and various species of mustard, etc,, have become a menace to the town. The former is the most troublesome class of weed to eradicate when well established. It can be seen in nearly every lot and along every street in the municipality. Better have no weed ordinance than have one and neglect to enforce it.

"The ounce of Prevention" and "Down among the Rattlers," as portrayed in the editorial columns of the Free Press of July 7th, was truly commendable and strictly to the point.

A drunken man is easily detected and thrown into the dungeon, but it requires skillful detectives to run down and bring to justice the assassins, snakes and leeches who furnish the poison for these interdicted unfortunates.

The Free Press, under its present management, is congratulated by its readers for its fearlessness in giving utterance upon this matter, and we sincerely hope it will continue until the real offenders are brought to justice and given their just reward, and then some.

◆

Barnwell School Report

The following will be the classification of the pupils of Barnwell S.D. No. 1676, for the fall term of 1910.

Standard V.—Annie Johnson.

Standard IV.—Nora Anderson, Eldred Anderson, Arnold Anderson, Irvin Anderson, Morrel Elder, Clarence Elder, Lois Elder, Chas. Henderson, Thomas Howells, Myrth Johnson, Leith Johnson, Ralph Johnson, Leonard Johnson, Rheta Johnson, Grant Johnson, Leon Johnson.

Standard III.—Seniors. Clarence Anderson, Neil Le Baron, Ralph Le Baron, Guernsey Johnson, Willie Williams. Juniors.—Nephi Anderson, Hillman Anderson, Nelly Develin, Chas. Doram, Bessie Evans, Louise Johnson, Beulah Peterson, John Williams.

Standard II.—Ivan Anderson, Leslie Elder, Mary Elder, Rosie Henderson, Frieda Hillmer, Martha Hillmer, Johnnie Howells, Kenneth Johnson, Miles Johnson, Lawrence Johnson, Earl Johnson, Erma Peterson, Delma Peterson.

Standard I.—Part II. Irvin Anderson, Mary Develin, Joe Doram, Lizzie Elder, Nannie Howells, Orrin Johnson, Justice Johnson, Clifford Peterson, Howard Schorn.

Part I. Ilo Anderson, Ziney Bishop, James Develin, Sarah Develin, Alfred Doram, Nelly Fergusson, David Fergusson, Joseph Elder, La Grant Hawes, Emma Holt, Grant Holt, Marguerite Hillmer, Cecil Henderson, Alice Henderson, Lavon Johnson, Millard Johnson, Morris Peterson, Herbert Williams, Joan Yule.

Chas. H. Weir,
Teacher.

Owl Restaurant
Up-to-date Meals at all Hours
PRICES ON BILL OF FARE FOR MEALS
Barber Shop in Connection
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Hair tonic of all descriptions at reasonable prices
FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT
MR. & MRS. A. D. KNOX
Just east of Palace Hotel,
Main Street Taber

Tenders for New School.

The tenders for the new school were opened on Tuesday night, and from the nature of the bids it is evident that the public of Taber are getting full value for their money. Contractors often vary so much in their bids that incapacity in tendering is often shown in bids all too low, or graft is prominent in bids far above the actual requirements and a reasonable profit. The tenderers included the prominent contractors of southern Alberta as the specifications called for a high-class expensive undertaking. The local firm of Wildman and McKellar secured the contract at the lowest figure tendered, viz. $51,000. The other tenders were as follows:

VanOrman & Stringham	$52,975.
Lussier Construction Co.	$55,130.
Hotson & Leader	$59,980.

The architect, Mr. Willams, of Medicine Hat, informs the Free Press that the construction will be started at once and will take about seven months to complete.

The Churches

ANGLICAN

ST. THEODORE'S CHURCH.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m. Evening Prayer, 7.30 p.m. Holy Communion, 11 a.m. first Sunday in each month and 8.30 a.m. on third Sunday in the month.

L.D.S.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.—Sunday School at 10 a.m. every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p.m. Sunday evening service at 7.30. Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN.

KNOX CHURCH.—Morning Service, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 2.30 p.m. Evening Service, 7.30 p.m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

BAPTIST.

At Coal City, Morning Service at 11 a.m.

In Cousins' Hall, Taber, Evening Service at 7.30 p.m.

The drawing that was to take place June 1st at Mr. Humes' House is withdrawn. People can have their money returned by giving up their tickets. Signed, W. Humes.

WANTED.—A good milch cow, that has a young calf or will come in some time before 1st September. W. S. Johnson, Barnwell.

FOR SALE. S.W. ¼ Sec. 6, 10-16. Fenced. Apply to Wm. Renner, Taber.

Cousin's Hall

Sunday Evening

At 7.30 p.m.

BAPTIST

SERVICE

Ernest H. J. Vincent,
Missionary.

Really the stock of General Merchandise carried by

SMITH & WOOD

Is sufficient to cover the needs of a buying population twice the size of Taber, and as it is marked now, every day is

BARGAIN DAY.

SMITH & WOOD
General Merchants
TAYLOR AVENUE - TABER

Rev. Mr. Digby: "Do you know there's a crown up there for you?"

Alkali Ike: "Yes, I know, gold, porcelain, and the combinations. Bridgework, plates, Inlays, etc., and I need them."

Rev. Mr. Digby: "I don't mean that kind of a crown."

Alkali Ike: Oh, I thought you were speaking of the class of work they do in the big Dental Office.

◆

I really don't think Taber wants a Dentist. There are six weeks left for the people to demonstrate their desires. At the end of that time if there is sufficient business the office will be open, if not the big outfit goes back to Calgary.

Resp.

Herbert Lake.

THE PRINTSHOP
WHERE THE
Taber Free Press
Is Printed is the Best Equipped in Southern Alberta
This should interest you.
Herbert Lake, Prop.

FRUIT

We are still leading in this branch of our business. Place your orders now for

RASPBERRIES

To be delivered direct from the growers.

Peaches, Plums, Apricots, Pine Apples, Grape Fruit, etc., etc.

The Taber Bakery

LIME JUICE

PINTS, 25c. QUARTS, 50c.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR

Quarts, 35c.

Ginger and Root Beer Extract

Enough for 5 galls., 25c. per bottle

Alberta Drug & Stationery Co., Hough St., Taber

LEATHER GOODS

Purses
Wallets
Bill Folds
Hand Bags
Cigar Cases

AT

WESTLAKE'S
Jewellery and Stationery Store

NOTICE.

TO FARMERS

I am prepared now to do contracting of any possible nature.

Plowing, Discing, Breaking, Harrowing, and Packing.

Steam outfit with all essentials.

On shortest notice, and with dispatch.

Apply,
W. M. Hipp
or the Free Press Office.

Automobile Tyres

In Stock at Lethbridge.

For any kind of a car. Send in your orders to

W. R. DOBBIN,
Lethbridge, Alta.

Agent for Goodyear.

C.P.R. TIME-TABLE.

EAST BOUND.

Daily Passenger,	1.45 a.m.
Soo-Portland,	3.04 a.m.
Daily Passenger, (except Sunday)	4.10 p.m.

WEST BOUND.

Daily Passenger,	2.40 a.m.
Soo-Portland,	3.58 a.m.
Daily Passenger, (except Sunday)	Arrives 13 15 p.m. Depart 13.40 p.m.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Contractor Wildman visited Lethbridge this week.

Mr. J. N. Edwards was in from his homestead on Monday.

The Hon. Archie McLean will be one of the visitors at the Winnipeg Fair.

On Sunday, Rev. J. R. Munro went to Grassy Lake, to take charge of the services there.

Mr. Cunningham, of the Rogers-Cunningham Lumber Co., visited Taber on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hobson, of the Royal Hotel, went down to Winnipeg on Monday, for the fair week.

Mr. E. S. Bowden is erecting a new residence north of the Pioneer Lumber yard. Henry Hudson has the contract.

It is estimated that ten days more will be sufficient time to complete the digging of the trenches and laying the pipes for the water system.

On Tuesday, July 12th, Alexander Nesbitt Harbinson, of Taber, and Sarah Wilson, of Pittsburg, Penn., U.S.A., were married by the Rev. J. R. Munro, B.D.

Mr. Leck, manager of the Bank of Hamilton, leaves on Tuesday for his holiday. It it his intention if the proper arrangements can be made, to enter the Lawn Tennis Tournament in Winnipeg.

The Sunday morning service at Knox Church was taken by Mr. Fraser, of Grassy Lake. In the evening, Mr. Ritchie, of Manitoba College, Winnipeg, who is now on a tour of organization in Alberta, gave an address on Sunday School work.

This morning as Dave Lloyd was driving past the Taber Hotel with a load of empty barrels, the dray wheels struck one of the many thousand bumps on this street. The natural results followed. The rolling barrels knocked Dave off and then proceeded to drop on him. Luckily he escaped with a severe thumping which may lay him up for a while.

On Tuesday afternoon, the annual Sunday School picnic in connection with Knox Church, was held. The journey to the river was made in several autos, lent for the occasion by local gentlemen. Children's races were run about 5.30 p.m. The party, numbering about 100, returned to town by 7.30 p.m., all having had a good time.

We own and have for sale at right prices more than 30 sections of choice land lying to the southeast of Taber and south of Grassy Lake. Always in the market for good wholesale tracts from owners. Write ATLANTIC-PACIFIC LAND SYNDICATE, head office, Minneapolis, or call main field office, 2nd Floor, Alberta Block, Lethbridge.

Among the pictures to be shown at the Palm Theatre on Friday night are the following. Hunting Big Game, What three tots saw in the land of Nod, The Professors Dilemma, A Profitable Marriage. This week, Mr. Frank Evans has taken the vocal part. He has a powerful bass voice, which has called forth rounds of applause. Mr. Judson is repeating "What three tots saw in the land of Nod," by special request.

Wallace C. King, one of the most prominent auctioneers and salesmen of the Calgary district, is moving his establishment to Taber and hopes to be open here within the month. Mr. King has had a long experience in the selling of stock and merchandise, having conducted most of the large sales in the Cochrane district when the large ranches of the foothill country have been dispersing and distributing their herds.

The Free Press welcomes him as an old friend, and asks from Taber the support and encouragement Mr. King hopes to merits.

The monthly school board meeting was held on Thursday in the office of S. J. Layton. Besides the usual business being transacted three new teachers were appointed, and the estimates for the coming year adopted, The new teachers are Miss Etta E. Stanley, of Lucan, Ont., Miss Myrtle E. Emery, of Conjuring Creek, Alta., and Miss Carrie E. Skitch, of Calgary. The Board's estimates for the coming year are $12,000, an advance of $4,000 over last year.

Mr. Willams, the architect on the new school, wrote stating the contractors could have their figures in by Friday, the 8th, and the time for receiving tenders was extended till Wednesday, the 13th. Mr. Williams' estimate for the new building was received. which places the estimated cost of the school at $57,000.

News, Notes and Comments

Premier Laurier is on his way out West.

Flour has increased from 20cts. to 40cts. a barrel in the west this week.

Maitland S. McCarthy is named for Leader of the Provincial Conservatives candidate for Gleichen.

Ottawa, July 9.—Four more employees of the printing bureau were suspended yesterday for lending money.

Grassy Lake had a celebration on the 1st of July, even after two-thirds of the Committee in charge had abandoned it. Dew tell.

The fight pictures are being barred from most of the cities of the United States. The Ontario Government has also issued orders for the pictures to be kept out.

A young detective engaged in strike breaking was lynched by his personal friends in Newark, Ohio, for the killing of a restaurant keeper who was resisting arrest.

Dr. B. E. Hawk was committed for trial and admitted to bail at the police court on Friday on the charge of performing a criminal operation on Florence Watson, 17 years old.

Insurgent-General Cushing is facing a nasty situation in the political arena. He is accused of taking money from a firm of contractors who were doing business with the Government.

One woman was killed and several other people badly injured in Winnipeg by the collision between a street car and a passenger train. The flagman in charge of the crossing has been arrested.

A Calgary lady was robbed of $10,000 worth of jewellery last week. Who would have dreamed of that many loose valuables lying around after all the sub divisions have gone on the market up there.

Hon. L, P. Brodeur. accompanied by Madame Brodeur and Lady Laurier, will leave in course of a fortnight for Banff, where they will remain until September, returning east with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and party.

For Western Canada's great industrial fair at Winnipeg, Man., July 13 to 23, 1910, the Canadian Pacific railway will have in effect special rates. For full particulars as to rates, limits, etc., apply to nearest Canadian Pacific ticket office.

The scarcity of hay and grain for feed is going to cause considerable anxiety throughout the southern part of Alberta this winter, but the greater loss will be felt in the Dakotas and Minnesota, where every blade of grass and growing grain has been dried up.

"Lord Jesus receive my spirit." With this last appeal to his Maker, Robert Henderson, aged 17, the youngest criminal ever executed in Canada, was hung on Saturday. Henderson's crime was inexcusable and brutal. On January 28 he applied for something to eat at the home of a couple of maiden ladies McPherson by name, near Norwood, Ont. After being fed he returned and struck one of them down with an axe for the purpose of depriving them of a few cents. One of the women died shortly after from her terrible injuries, but her sister recovered. Henderson was an English immigrant and since old enough to do anything had been addicted to crime, His mother is still living in Hartlepool, England.

Important to Farmers and Ranchers.

The farmer or rancher who wishes to enlarge or improve his herd by securing some of the well bred stuff now being put on the market, because of the crowding out of the big ranchers, will upon application to the Live Stock Commisioner at Edmonton, be put in touch with parties who are offering their stock for sale. Several ranchers have already given notice of their intention to reduce the size of their herds or sell out entirely.

Most of the herds reported are of the Shorthorn or Hereford breeding. or are crosses of these breeds. Practically all are bred for beef production, and being range bred are much better able to take care of themselves than are the farm bred that finds its way out here from the east.

These animals will be of little use to dairymen.

Address all inquiries to the undersigned in care of the Department of Agriculture, Edmonton.

W. J. Stevens,
Live Stock Commissioner.

BIG
ANNUAL SUMMER SALE
AT
CAMPBELL & ANDERSON'S
TWO STORES.

Men's Wear.
Ladies' and Childrens' Wear.

Commencing July 15th.

We don't give you a long talk but we give you big genuine reductions.

DON'T FORGET THE DATE.

We have the goods and they will go cheap.

Campbell THE LADIES' AND GENTS' CLOTHIERS. **Anderson**
AND

NEW FURNITURE STORE

Another car of furniture just arrived. The latest designs in Early English and Golden Oak. In order to make room we are offering special prices in Dresser Stands and Rocking Chairs.

FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN DAYS ONLY.

Dresser and Stand in S. Oak with bevel glass, 14 x 24.
Regular Price, $15.50. Special Price, $12.75.

Rocking chairs. Regular, $1.40. Going at $1.10.

Call and inspect our Piano that we are offering for **$300.** Organs from **$100** to **$150** on easy terms.

DO NOT MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY.

HENDERSON BROS. & ROSS,
Hough Street, Taber.

Wallace C. King,

Licensed Auctioneer.

Sales conducted with satisfactory dispatch.

A long experience in stock and general merchandise sales.

Parties desirous of disposing of their implements, stock, or household effects, may leave their orders at the Free Press Office.

An Auction Room will be opened at a later date.

The Agony OF PILES

ONLY those who suffer from piles know the misery it brings! It robs life of its pleasure, steals the brightness from existence, and substitutes days of dull pain and moments of acute agony. Most so called "remedies" give ease only for a time, and then—back comes the trouble and pain and misery! Zam-Buk cures Piles! And cures permanently. Proof of this lies all around you. Women and men in all stations of life have proved it—possibly some of your friends! Let it cure you!

Mrs. Wm. Hughes, of 253, Hochelaga St., Hochelaga, Montreal, says:—"I was a sufferer for years from blind, itching and protruding piles. The agony I suffered no one knows. Remedy after remedy proved useless. Day followed day and there was no relief for me—pain, loss of strength, dulness, misery, this was my experience until Zam-Buk was introduced. I know now that there is nothing on this earth like it! It cured me of piles, and once cured, I have had no return of the evil. I would like all women who suffer as I did to know that Zam-Buk will cure them!

Besides being a specific for piles Zam-Buk cures eczema, blood-poisoning, cracked or chapped hands, ulcers, cuts, burns, bruises, scalp sores, ringworm, bad leg, frost bite, cold sores, and all skin injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 50 c. box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto for price.

Zam-Buk

That Reminds Me

NEIGHBOR—"How did that naughty little boy of yours get hurt?"

Ditto—"That good little boy of yours hit him on the head with a brick."

* * *

THE Lady of the House—"I hope you are habitually truthful, Bridget?"

The New Maid—"Yis, mum, I am on me own account. I only tells lies to th' callers, f'r th' missum."

* * *

DE FRIEND—"What is that picture intended to represent?"

DE ARTIST—"Board and lodging for six weeks."

* * *

LITTLE GIRL (to father who has done his one performance, that of saying the alphabet backward)—"Now, say it sideways."

* * *

BOBBY—"Honest, is there twins at your house?"

Tommy—"Honest! An' they're just alike."

Bobby—"Built jest the same way, or are they rights and lefts?"

* * *

A WISE lawyer is a silent man; the fewer unnecessary questions he asks the better for him," says Secretary Root. "A little girl taught me this early in my practise. Her widowed mother came often to my office about the settlement of her estate. Sometimes she brought her daughter, a beautiful girl of ten with red curls. One morning, after a long conference with the mother, I noticed that the child seemed uncomfortable; she evidently thought I was paying too much attention to her mother. I patted her on the head and said:

"'You are a beautiful girl. Don't you want to come to my house and be my little girl?'

"She answered very decidedly: 'No, I don't. And I don't want mother to either.'"

* * *

AN old Suffolk farmer and one of his laborers couldn't cog it together nohow. After a very high-worded argument the other day, the farmer promised the man the sack at the week end. The next morning the farmer found some chalk writing on the barn-door, written in very crude characters. Deciphered, it read thus: "Old Farmer Mole is a big headed fool!"

Wrathfully the farmer sought out his man.

"What d'ye mean, writin' on th' barn-door I'm a big headed fool, eh?" he yelled.

"It worn't me, measter," answered the man. "It wor Bill Jukes's boy. 'E'd no business to put it yew wos a big headed fule, though. The young duffer! Oi told 'im t' put pig-headed fule."

And he resumed his work, while the old farmer retired speechless.

* * *

THOMAS W. LAWSON, Boston's noted financier, was talking to a reporter about a notorious New York capitalist.

"Well," said Mr. Lawson, "I have heard that man tell the truth once or twice. He can tell the truth, I admit, but it doesn't come natural to him. He reminds me of the Russian mujik.

"A Russian mujik sat one day in the ante-room of the military commissioner of his town. There was an anxious frown on his face. A friend approached and said:

"'What is the matter, Poitr?'

"'I am worried,' Poitr answered, 'about my son. I don't know what to say when the commissioner asks me about his age. You see, if I make him out younger than he is he will be sent back to school, and if I make him out older they'll stick him in the army. What the deuce am I to do?'

"'How would it do,' said the friend thoughtfully, 'if you told the commissioner his exact age?'

"Poitr slapped his leg and laughed delightedly.

"'The very thing!' he cried. 'I never thought of that!'"

* * *

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

HULLO, BILLIE," said the freshman to a classmate, who was whistling blithlely as he walked along. "Whither away?"

"I'm goin' up to Dr. Cuttem's to be examined for appendicitis," said the other.

"Geerusalem! You don't seem to be very much worried about it," said the first.

"Oh, no," smiled Billie. "There won't be anything doing. I've never been able to pass an examination the first time in all my fair young life."

* * *

A WELL-DRESSED man was standing outside a bookseller's shop in Charing Cross road, closely examining one of Balzac's works, illustrated by Gustave Dore. "How much is this Balzac?" he asked an assistant outside.

"Twenty-five shillings," was the reply.

"Oh, that's far too much. I must see the manager about a reduction," continued the prospective customer, and, suiting the action to the word, he took up the book and went into the shop.

Approaching the bookseller, he took the book from under his arm and asked what he would give for it. "Seven shillings, highest offer," he was told.

The offer was accepted—the man took his money, and left.

"Well," queried the assistant later, after the man had gone, "were you able to hit off with the gentleman, sir?"

"Oh, yes. I managed to get another copy of that edition of Balzac for seven shillings."

Then the bookseller went out to lodge a complaint with the police.

* * *

A MINISTER living in an Aberdeenshire coast town had preached a sermon which a skipper, one of his parishioners, who traded to London, thought very like one which he had read to his family the Sunday before from a volume of sermons which he had purchased in London.

On the Sunday following he, with two brother skippers, took the book to church to ascertain the correctness of the suspicion. The minister in due time gave out a text which, true enough, the skipper found in the index of his book, and pointed out to his friends.

The minister then proceeded with the sermon, going on word for word with the sermon book for a sentence or two, which greatly excited the skipper, who with a crony on each side, kept tracing the words in his book after the minister, and saying:—

"See till him; see till him."

The minister, who used himself to tell the story, said:—

"I lookit doun and saw what they were at, so I turned ower twa leaves at once, an' they never clappit saut upo' my tail after that."

NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHED IN MID-OCEAN

NOT the least interesting development of wireless telegraphy is the manner in which the invention has been utilized for producing newspapers on board ship. No longer does an ocean voyage mean that one is cut off, for the time being, from news of all happenings on land. Nearly all the big Transatlantic liners issue newspapers on board, and every morning passengers are served with the latest news at the breakfast table, just as they would be on land. On the voyage of the Lusitania during the recent General Election in Great Britain full returns were printed in the "Cunard Daily Bulletin" every morning of the results announced in London on the previous night.

The circulation of the "Bulletin" is over 2,000 a day, and has reached 2,500. It consists of thirty two pages, 10 in. by 6 in., is excellently printed on fine glazed paper, and sells at 10c per copy. It goes to press at 1 a.m., and is read over the breakfast table like the newspapers ashore.

Most of the giant Cunarders are now equipped with a miniature printing plant, so that the passengers on board are able to secure a daily paper containing the latest world's news, transmitted by wireless telegraphy. Practically everything of news value in any part of the world appears in the ocean daily as soon as it is printed in the newspapers on land. Stock Exchange quotations, Parliamentary items, notable events, and movements of famous people all are duly recorded. Moreover, the ocean daily often gets news that the land dailies cannot get; for it must be borne in mind that the liners are in touch with one another as well as in touch with land, and are thus able to get exclusive "scoops" now and then.

A very artistic production is the "Journal da l'Atlantique," published on board the ss. La Provence of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique. It has larger pages than the "Cunard Bulletin," and each number is well illustrated, the news being published in both French and English.

The daily of the ss. Kaiser Wilhelm II. has twenty-four pages, and it has so many advertisements that it can be given free to the passengers and still leave the Norddeutscher Lloyd a profit. Humorous illustrations are a feature, and a puzzle page gives much amusement on the voyage.

The "Atlantisches Tageblatt" of the Hamburg-American Line is a sixteen-page sheet. It is printed partly in German, partly in English, and has a story by some popular writer.

The "Express Mail," published on board the Canadian Pacific Atlantic liner Empress of Ireland, is a most elegant affair. It has twelve pages, and is enclosed in a handsome wrapper stamped in gold, with an emblematic design printed in the richest colors.

ONCE MORE THE PROOF IS GIVEN

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE EVEN INHERITED ILL HEALTH

Charles Dayon Suffered From Early Youth but the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Banished His Ills and Made Him Strong

St. George, Man., May 23. (Special) Yet another case in which ill health inherited from parents has been vanquished by Dodd's Kidney Pills is that of Mr. Charles Dayon, a farmer well known in this neighborhood.

"I suffered from a number of ills from an early age," says Mr. Dayon, who is now thirty-two years old. "I inherited my trouble from my parents. I was weak, nervous, and run down. I suffered from Backache and my muscles would cramp. I had a heavy dragging sensation across the loins. I was always thirsty; I had great difficulty in collecting my thoughts, and my memory was failing me.

"I was altogether in a bad way when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills but they helped me almost from the first box. They gave me strength and helped me so much in every way that I am satisfied a little longer treatment will make me a well man."

Mr. Dayon's symptoms were the symptoms of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cure every form of Kidney Disease no matter what stage it is in or how it is contracted.

"I teach my parrot only short words."

"Do you? Now, I should think that parrots were better adapted to learning polysyllables."

Your Druggist Will Tell You Murine Eye Remedy Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and Sells for 50c. Try Murine in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

RUSSELL
AUTOMOBILES
WE HAVE SECOND-HAND CAR
ALSO MOTOR SUNDRIES
CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO
144 Princess St., Winnipeg

THE BUCK-EYE
VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 32

THE BEST ON EARTH

Some years ago, the late Professor Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, testifying in a case involving the Cataract Power Company, in answer to a question on cross examination as to who, in his opinion, was the greatest American scientist, replied, "I am."

After leaving the court room one of the lawyers ventured to criticise the answer for its effect upon the jury, whereupon Rowland exclaimed:

"Well, what else could I say? Wasn't I under oath?"

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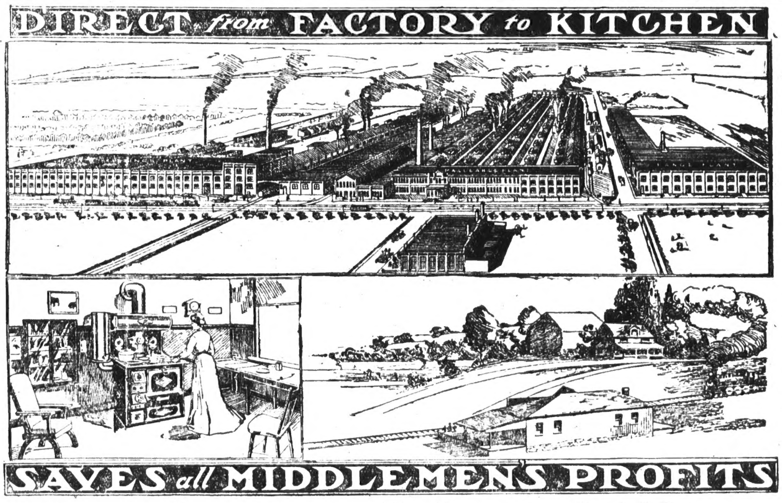
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(IN WRITING PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER)

Panther Spearing

(By Captain G. A. Hope)

CAN panther spearing be justly considered to be sport in the true sense of the word, notwithstanding that it is exciting and dangerous enough to satisfy the most exacting, and that it requires the utmost nerve and skill in those who take part in it? One form, the spearing of a bagged panther on a parade ground, is emphatically no more sport than are rabbit coursing and shooting live pigeons from a trap. Even the legitimate method—when a panther is beaten out as an incident of pig-sticking—is rather too one-sided an affair as a rule to conform altogether to the strict canons of sport.

To obtain a fair idea of the principles that govern it, it is necessary to understand the way of life of the panther himself. In common with all cats, he hunts by stalking, with a final spring or short rush on his quarry, never by running his prey down. His ordinary traveling pace, when not alarmed, is a fast striding walk or easy trot, never a gallop, and though he will gallop at great pace when scared, he never keeps it up further than the nearest covert, or till he thinks he is out of danger. I remember one, a very large female, getting up under my horse's head out of a bush one day, when I was riding with the beaters through a thin stretch of covert. She broke back and traveled literally like a flash, but pulled up within less than a hundred yards and turned round to look at me. Then, as I rode towards her, she trotted off quietly into some denser jungle close at hand, into which she knew I would not follow her.

Thus, from its natural habits, it will be seen that a panther is designed for short, rapid bursts—is essentially a sprinter, not a stayer—and it is this characteristic of the animal, together with his extraordinary activity and complete armament, which makes panther spearing the one-sided affair it is, either in favor of the man or animal.

The method of dealing with a ''bagman'' is as follows: A trap is contrived in the jungle, usually built into a mud hut, with a live goat behind bars as a bait. It is visited every morning, and when a panther is taken he is brought in the trap to be speared the same afternoon on some convenient plain, usually the cantonment brigade parade ground. The cage is placed so that the poor brute has no refuge within reach, a long cord is tied to tne door, and about fifty yards from it the spearmen take their stand, usually mounted on speedy polo ponies. Every wall and tree within sight is crowded with natives full of delighted anticipation, and when all is ready an orderly pulls the cord which opens the trap, and then runs for his life.

By this time the panther is half crazed with terror and cramp, and as often as not refuses to bolt, and has to be scared by a discharge of blank cartridges or of fireworks. When he does come out he is usually too stiff to gallop, and even when he finds himself pursued, and makes an effort, his speed is nothing beside that of a smart polo pony. What next happens depends upon whether he has been given much or little start. If the latter, the man on the pony which can get up steam quickest will catch him in the first two hundred yards, and, if he is wise, will spear him in the proper place, well forward. If not, and if only thinking of first spear and the trophy, he will do so in the quarters, but whichever happens the result will be the same in almost all cases.

Panthers are arrant cowards, but when cornered they naturally fight like fiends; and the speared animal, who has by this time run some of the stiffness out of his limbs, is not yet out of breath, and is in no wise crippled by his wound, turns promptly on his pursuers. The nearest human being is his point, which is the second rider, as the first has probably ridden on after spearing. If the man is a good horseman and a skilled spearman, he will save himself, but he must be as quick as the panther itself, and if he makes the slightest mistake, the animal gets home on horse and man, and the rest of the ''sport'' consists in a bloody rough and tumble on the ground, ending in the panther being held down by two or three spears, and prodded to death. The run practically finishes with the first spear.

But he is not easily killed, and if thus run into before being winded, will often revive with very unpleasant results when least expected, as on a certain occasion in the Deccan, when the ''bagman'' was speared within the first hundred yards. He turned, as usual, but did not succeed in getting home, and after a few encounters was pinned down and lay absolutely inert, the spear being through the base of one ear. He appeared to be dead, and one of the spectators rushed up with a camera on a stand to obtain a picture of the supreme moment. He got his photograph, and, strange to say, it survived what followed, but no sooner had he taken it than the panther revived, tore himself loose, and went for the photographer. Somehow the man escaped, but the camera was sent flying, and, disconcerted by his encounter with it, the panther turned and made for the nearest tree, up which he went as quickly as a monkey. Now the tree was crowded with interested spectators, and for three or four strenuous seconds we enjoyed a spectacle of natives dropping to earth with loud thuds, like ripe plums from a jungle plum-tree, as the panther approached them. By good luck none of them were hurt, but the panther speedily had the tree to himself, and going up to the highest bough that would bear him he defied all attempts to dislodge him, and finally had to be shot.

On the rare occasions when he is given a long start he is usually galloped to a standstill before he is speared, and is then so blown that he can do nothing in self-defence, as will be seen when I describe the legitimate method. But on one occasion, at Secunderabad, I think it was, the panther proved to be a better stayer than usual, and got in among the houses which fringe the brigade parade ground, and gave a lot of trouble before he was cornered and shot. But even in this case he had hardly a better chance of escaping than he would have had if turned out in Hyde Park, and this is what condemns spearing a bagged panther as sport. Dangerous though he may be, he has no chance of escaping, which is not cricket, even where such a mischievous brute as a panther is concerned.

In the legitimate form of panther spearing the animal is usually put up, more or less by chance, out of long grass in the open when advancing in line out pig-sticking. Not having been terrified out of his wits and cramped for hours in a trap, he invariably goes away at a pace which makes a first spear in the first few hundred yards usually an impossibility on the rough ground, even on the smartest of ponies. If there is covert or badly broken ground within reach, he will certainly escape altogether; frequently he will lose himself in the grass and be over-ridden and then break back to safety; but if forced to gallop half a mile at most his doom is sealed. He slows down to a feeble, shambling trot, and when speared does not seem to have strength left to do anything in self-defence.

I recollect one, a three-parts grown cub, just under six feet in length, who was put up thus on the right of a long line where I was riding alone, and whom I had all to myself. He went clean away from me at first, and being on a slow horse I thought he must escape, although he had not ten yards start. But it was just the slowness of my mare which proved his undoing. On a smart polo pony I should probably have run into him quickly, and, being alone, I should certainly have had a very poor time of it. As it was he came back to me after going three furlongs, and when I reached him was going no faster than a man at a slow jog-trot.

I speared him clean through behind the shoulder as I passed him, the sensation being somewhat as if I had been attacking a feather pillow, and then I spurred on hard, in hopes of escaping reprisals from behind, for there was no No. 2 for him to attack. But as I looked back I saw him crawling up the side of the nullah in which I had caught him, and my horse being handy, if slow, she came round at once, and I got him at tne top of the rise. Still he did not try to attack, and after I had speared him a third time, he collapsed absolutely, and let me kill him without resistance. I must declare that this is a confession, not a boast. I have never felt proud of this achievement, which was the tamest affair imaginable when it came to the point.

The big female whom I have mentioned already illustrates the same thing even more perfectly. After breaking back, thinking herself unobserved, she left the thick jungle to go to another covert on the other side of a piece of rising ground. However, a man in a tree saw her, and shouted the news to us, and we turned and rode after her.

She went straight away till she was almost at the top of the rise, and then she broke back. But as we were between her and the covert, she had to make a large detour to avoid us, which she accomplished successfully, galloping round at racing speed. The effort was too much for her endurance, however, and just before she reached the covert and safety she dropped into a little hollow, not five yards from dense jungle, utterly done.

A single spring, a few halting steps even, would have strength to make them. She could not even snarl or swear, saved her, for she was not cut off, but she had not the but lay utterly helpless, just showing her teeth, her flanks heaving painfully, a most pitiful sight.

The ground was such that spearing her was difficult, so a rifle which one of the men had brought was sent for, and by the time it arrived she had recovered sufficiently to make a fresh start. But she could only drag herself along very slowly and laboriously; she made no attempt to attack the enemies round her, and not even when wounded but not killed, by the first shot, did she try to charge. In short, the killing of her was about as pleasant and exciting as the shooting of a worn-out troop horse.

Others may have had more exciting experiences, but these are mine, and the conclusion of the whole matter is that a panther is not to be compared with a pig as a sporting animal, although one would always ride him—and legitimately—if one put him up when out pig-sticking. As to spearing a bagman on a parade ground, the practice is indefensible on any grounds. At the same time, unless galloped out, the panther is as dangerous a customer as one could wish to tackle; and when the occasion arises it is as well to bear in mind the following points:

Always try to spear well forwaru, just behind the elbow low down, here the heart and big arteries lie. Spur on hard after spearing, shortening your spear, and be ready for an attack from the rear. Receive a charging panther with a rather shortened spear, and then turn your horse to throw him aside if you cannot pin him down. Be very careful how you tackle a panther who lies down, especially when speared after a short run. If a man is pulled down, go to his assistance on foot. In a melee round him on horseback there is too great a risk of spearing the man instead of the panther. Finally, put your pride in your pocket and have nothing to do with him unless absolutely sure of your skill as a spearman and rider. The game calls out all the best qualities in a man when all is said and done, but it leaves no margin for mistakes, and the duffer rides to certain disaster for himself, and probably for his companions, who will have to rescue him. You may not always have the luck not to reach your quarry before he is pumped out and harmless.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FUR TRADE

THE history of a lady's fur coat is, if one thinks of it, full of strange contrasts. A wild creature of the Canadian forests, a silent Indian trapper and his wife, a lone Hudson's Bay Company trader, the half-breed paddlers of a ''north'' canoe, the hands of the Hudson's Bay steamer in the ice-floes off Ungava, the employees of a British railway company, the operatives of a London furrier—all these may have played a part in the making of the coat before it can appear in the windows of a shop in Bond street or on the back of some proud lady of St. James. The fur trade is one of the few departments of modern business about which there still lingers the odor of romance. Other trades have been revolutionized by nineteenth century science; it has remained, almost alone, primitive in its methods. Since the day when ''The Honorable Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay'' was founded by Prince Rupert it has hardly changed at all. In unimportant details it may have altered, perhaps. The trade-mark of a famous Pittsburg steel works may now be stamped upon the Indian's traps; and the legend ''Made in Germany'' may now adorn the barter that is given for the furs: but these slight innovations have the force of bald anachronisms. They stand out sharply from the surroundings into which they are intruded, and they merely serve to show by contrast how primitive these are.

The life of the bush is a closed book to most people. A great deal has been written about the life of the wild animals that furnish the fur, but very little has been written about the life of the traders and trappers who collect it, though the latter is a subject full of the most romantic interest. The life of the bush often appears on the surface one of bitter trial and hardship. The Indian trapper often goes through trials and hardships that would crush another man. He goes off in the autumn to his winter's hunting grounds with a single small canoe; he sleeps all winter in a bark tepee or in a canvas tent, when he does not roll up in his rabbitskin in the snow; he travels through the bush when the mercury is frozen in the glass, snowshoeing with his pack upon his back and has rifle on his arm, through windfall and through tangled swamp, and, worst of all, through perilous burnt bush where a wilderness of charred poles sway in the wind like the masts af countless ships. Comfort is a thing he knows not. He lives on pork and beans, and flour and tea. His clothes he never changes, night or day. His only remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to is a drink of burning pain-killer. He lives and dies in debt, and would not become solvent if he could. A good winter may bring him in $500; a bad winter $50. On the whole, his life is that of Hobbes' natural man, ''nasty, poor, mean, brutish and short.'' But, on the other hand, he is quite content. He does not feel the need of comfort or a balance in the bank; and he has a stoical and philosophic calm that enables him to take with equal mind whatever the gods may send. He may always get, he argues, credit with the traders. Why, then, should he take thought for the morrow—what he should eat or what he should put on?

The trader's lot seems even harder, because he has, as a rule, known better things. The Hudson's Bay Company traders are, with a curious unanimity, sons of the ''land of wild heath and shaggy wood.'' I have heard one of them recite with no small amount of feeling:

> ''From the dim shieling of the misty island,
> Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;
> But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
> And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.''

This trader was a Scot who had come out to Hudson Bay when a young man, and had married an Algonquin wife, of whom he had a family of little Indians, who lisped in broken Scotch, when they condescended to speak English at all. He has heard the call of the wild. To ply the paddle, to shoot lived at his trading post from January to January, receiving letters from the outside world once or twice a year, and seeing white men hardly oftener. Another of the verses he frequently repeated was:

> ''O, Solitude, where are the charms
> That sages have seen in thy face?
> Better dwell in the midst of alarms
> Than live in this horrible place.''

And yet he miself was the first to confess that anyone who had tasted the life of the bush could not go back to another. ''Once a Hudson's Bay man,'' he said, ''always a Hudson's Bay man.'' There is a fatal fascination about the free life of the forest that holds a man captive. Such a one the wild duck, to hit the trail across the virgin bush, to sleep beneath the stars, to breathe the scent of cedar or of pine—these things are life to him whose blood has caught the fever.

The labors of the traders are not arduous. They have to sell the trappers their outfits in the autumn; and they barter for the peltries in the spring. They have to sort the peltries that they buy, and transport them by canoe or dog-train to the nearest railway line or steamboat wharf; and there their duties end. The only time when they have cause for worry is when they have to meet with opposition. Then they have to fight for very life. When the Northwest Company set up against the Hudson's Bay men in the beginning of last century, there was a bitter fight, in which trading-posts were burned, and men were kidnapped, and often blood was spilt. The methods of warfare now adopted are those of commercial aggression; and they are called ''free-traders''—free lances who set up beside the H. B. Co. posts, and try to win the company's Indians over. Many a thrilling tale might be told of the bitter commercial fights between the ''Great Company'' and the lonely ''free-traders'' in the heart af the forest primeval. One such fight took place a few years ago at what, for caution's sake, may be called Ghost River. A low, illiterate Dutchman set up in opposition to the H. B. Co. post, and made a bid for the fur trade of the district. He cut rates, and made loans, and dispensed whiskey, and married a chief's daughter, with the acumen of an up-to-date American trying to break a ring. And, tnough he did not manage to make good his footing, he gave tne factor at the post a most uncomfortable time, and made that easy-going man bestir himself in earnest. The story of that fight, enacted against the background of the wild primeval bush, is only typical of what is going on here and there all over northern Canada.

Such is the life of the traders and trappers. The rest of the story of the fur is simply and easily told. Early in June, when the pelts have been gathered and sorted and cured, the great six-fathom canoes are brought down to the water and loaded with their precious freight. The ''packers'' (as the Indians are called) step in and man the thwarts. The procession of canoes streams out across the lake. With gaudy handkerchiefs the Indian village waves a last farewell, and the fur brigade disappears around the bend.

The furs are shipped to Hudson Bay on to the H. B. Co's. steamer, which makes an annual passage through the ice-floes of the northern channels to the far-off shores of England. And when the furs reach England, in the workshops of the furrier, they are made into all kinds of furry garments to keep warm a sheltered race.

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No. 862

How I Flew to Manchester

(By Louis Paulhan)

I WAS allowed twenty-four hours in which to fly from London to Manchester. As a matter of fact, I flew to Manchester within twenty-four hours of my machine being delivered in London. I was hard at work for eleven hours building it up, and the moment it was built I flew. That was because the wind was in a favorable direction, for the first time for about a week, and I could not afford to waste the opportunity.

When I went to London on Wednesday morning I had no real idea that I would be able to start that day, and I had had only five hours' sleep the night before. But a flying man must take his winds when they come.

I found the atmosphere rather disturbed when I rose; there were small, gusty puffs and tricky currents, and it was somewhat difficult to find just the altitude at which they would bother me least. I heard the cheering of the people as I circled over Hendon, and the enthusiasm delighted me, so I flew right over the heads of the crowd.

I followed the line of the Midland Railway to Hampstead. Then I saw the cemetery and the white flag of the Official Observer. I went round it, high up in the air, and I knew that I had fulfilled the conditions necessary for a start, so I flew over the lake of the Welsh Harp and made directly for the North-Western railroad.

London is a difficult place to fly out of. It is so huge and so confusing! I know the way from Hendon to Manchester, but I do not know the way from Hendon to St. Paul's, nor could one learn it without practice. So many districts all alike, and such a bewildering number of railway lines running in every conceivable direction! Without my map I could never have found my way out, but I had well impressed myself with all the signs of the particular railway track I wanted, and I was soon flying directly to the north.

I had to fight the wind all the way from London. Not a moment's rest came to me in my battle against the gusts. I made rises and dips of as much as 320 feet, always with the object of flying in the steadiest level of air I could find.

It was cold, very cold indeed, and the wind bit into my face. Fortunately for me, my eyes do not suffer while I am flying, though they begin to burn terribly when I come down to earth again. I have had to bathe them steadily since my descent to relieve the smarting.

I started without gloves, for I hate to feel my hands encumbered when I am flying. The result was that at the end of my first flight the little finger of my driving hand was useless and without sensation; it was quite numbed with cold. For the second stage of the flight I borrowed a pair of thin gloves from my excellent friend Mr. Holt Thomas, and I have given them back to him as a souvenir of my flight.

To return to the first evening. I was going north for a long time before I sighted the special train which was accompanying me. But there was no mistaking it when it caught me up. The three loud hoots of the whistle and the big white signal cloth floating from tne window of the rear coach—it looked like a handkerchief from such a height—told me all. I could see that things were going well. The wind whistled, and so did I. I shouted and I sang. I do not think my voice is particularly fascinating, but nobody seems to mind that in the upper air.

A pelting rainstorm lashed me for twenty minutes while I was in the neighborhood of Rugby. Fortunately, I am not unused to flying in the rain; therefore, although it was uncomfortable, it had no effect upon my flight. I kept on flying at a steady pace, although my altitude varied remarkably.

I flew until it was quite dark. All I could make out beneath me was the smoke of a train once in a while and the occasional flicker of lights from a village. I came down rapidly from 300 metres to 100, so that I could be more certain of my direction.

Then came the most exciting moment of my flight. Darkness had fallen before me. I saw the lights of Lichfield. I decided to alight in some convenient meadow before reaching the town, and to do this sank down to 150 feet. I was immediately above what looked like a large factory with a chimney. I am now told it was a brewery, and so, to alight safely in the field with no damage done, I made a fish-hook turn, and my machine was now pointing towards London.

Suddenly my motor stopped, every drop of petrol exhausted, and the machine swooped downward almost like a stone dropping. What should I do? Beneath me was the brewery and a certain smash. Behind me was a narrow field which was almost like a spider's web with a mesh of telegraph wires. I had an imperceptible fraction of a second in which to make up my mind, and I decided to risk the telegraph wires. As I sank I made a sharp twist right back on the line of my course, and was lucky enough to lift myself over the wires.

So far, then, so good. I was stiff with cold, and was very glad of a drink of whisky from the flask of a gentleman who had dashed up with a motor-car, and of the friendly attentions of a number of people who brought warmth back to my limbs by rubbing them. You are sportsmen, you English! I was racing an Englishman, and most naturally you wanted him to win. Yet you treated me throughout with the most generous assistance.

A Spanish lady who speaks French acted as my most helpful interpreter—for I have no English myself. A friendly soul lent me a motor-car, and I drove to the hotel. I met my wife, and had a light meal of eggs, milk, and soup—very comforting, considering that I had subsisted on a single sandwich during the day while building up the machine!

I went to bed at ten o'clock, deciding to start again as soon as it was light, or even a little earlier. I slept like a top for five hours, and then woke as fresh as a lark, delighted to find that some of the strain of fatigue had left my limbs. My hands, arms, legs, and feet had become supple enough for me to work the machine again with confidence—though I must admit that I felt as if I had been working very hard.

It was still dark when I reached the narrow meadow beside Trent Valley Station in which my machine was lying. My mechanics, Chauveau and Miscarol, had worked well during the night. The machine was charged with petrol. She was all ready for a start. My new tank will hold sixteen gallons, but I carry no more than I need from considerations of weight. On the first day I had fourteen gallons aboard, on the second only twelve, for that was more than sufficient to carry me to Didsbury, allowing a generous margin for emergencies.

Once more as I made ready for the start I was struck by the generous attitude of the people. Although they had heard a rumor that Mr. Grahame-Wite had started, and although their inclination must have been to hope that the Englishman would beat me, they placed not the smallest obstacle in the way of my departure. They crowded round the machine out of interest, but pressed hastily back the moment I wanted them out of the way.

It was a tricky start, for the field was short and narrow and there was a nasty hedge to surmount at the end of it. A collision with the hedge would have been disastrous. Happily favored with a head wind as I was tnen facing, though it was a following wind for my flight, I rose above the hedge without difficulty, turned, and headed straight for Manchester.

Here was the end of my concern about the issue of the race! Barring accidents, I was bound now to reach Manchester in safety and in good time, and there was no reason to anticipate an accident, for I had surmounted the worst of the difficulties—that of the rise from tne narrow field only 120 yards long above the dim lanterns which were my only indications as to the whereabouts of the hedge.

As soon as I got up I made my circle, followed the railway, and then set off for Crewe, fighting all the way against gusts of wind. So certain did I feel of the road that I did not trouble to take my map on the second stage of the journey. This was a mistake, for after leaving Crewe I thought the first station marked my landing place, but I could discover none of the marks I expected to find there, and I had to circle back towards London before I picked up the whitewashed marks on the sleepers which directed me onwards.

I made yet another mistake in my route, and had to curve in yet another circle backwards. But at last I saw the new station at Burnage, which was my objective. I saw the white marks in the field where I was to land; I landed; and I knew that I had won. All the way from London it had been a fight between me and the puzzling wind, and I had beaten the wind.

There are a few things which I shall be glad if you will now permit me to say.

I cannot sufficiently express my admiration for the public-spirited attitude of The Daily Mail in offering this splendid prize. It is the finest stimulus that has ever been given to aviation. It should give a great impetus to the science within the British Isles. I do not say this because I have been fortunate enough to win, I said it from the first moment the prize was offered.

THE DEATH OF THE BRIAR

ONCE more it has been stated recently that a dire catastrophe will soon threaten the smoker. The bruyere root, from which the majority of the best pipes are made, is being used up far more rapidly than it is grown; and this most valuable—in the nicotian sense—of all the woods now begins to show signs of coming to an end. The prospect is not a pleasant one. Many of us dislike the flavor of the meerschaum, whether it is of the old type or the new chemically-treated and unbreakable variety. The democratic clay has lost some of its old popularity. The corn-cob is not a thing of beauty, and most certainly it is not a joy forever; the myall good pipe is indeed sweet and excellent for a time, but all too soon—like a coalition majority—it splits and dies. And there are a good many objections to the cherrywood; the hookah is not a pipe which one can indulge in on a short train journey, the hookah being essentially the pipe of peace which needs to be smoked in the study; while as to the new bright-yellow variety of pipes with bowls as large as pudding basins and stems as long as walking sticks, bold are the people who venture out with one on. The briar is the thing, and we refuse to believe that the day of the briar is over. We can not all smoke cigars the whole day long, and many of us refuse the modern cigarette as a useless thing, fit only for degenerate youth. The clay pipe is suspect, and supposed to lead to cancer, and one does not care to have horrible thoughts of that kind lurking at the bottom of the bowl.

Sport

Lacrosse Match

A series of sprints saved the last game between Taber and Lethbridge in the intermediate series. This is the third time Taber has handed the junior Lethbridge Lacrosse Team a lemon, beating them by superior lacrosse the first time, generalship the second, and by running the third. It is a new feature, this lacrosse our teams plays now. The team lines up and then editor Cook secures the ball on pass. Now this scribe has lately discovered his speed, and at all times is ready to demonstrate it for the entertainment of the multitude. Heading in a general direction to no where in particular he just lights out, and the rest of the boys seat themselves until the spasm is over.

Before the quarter time is passed, the flying wonder has shifted the ball and the game of lacrosse is resumed.

Tuesday night's game was saved by a sprint, but another marathoner turned the trick. The score stood 4-3 in the last quarter and Lethbridge was coming into Taber's goal with a nice combination of passes. The Big Smoke was ready as he always is, and the Old Reliable in goal on his toes, a short scuffle in front of the goal and Bailey of Lethbridge shot. The ball sped as swift as a June rain in the Grassy Lake district but Old Reliable caught it easily. Then he girded up his loins and ran. The pebbles fairly sizzled under him and from the grand stand the apparition seemed to speed as a bolt from the blue. Fifty yards was enough. The day was saved, and in coming generations our children's children will tell of how Horatius moved his underpinning to save the game in Taber.

The rest of the play was featureless. Taber lacrosse team is the superior of Lethbridge either at lacrosse, mudpies or marbles. Both teams enjoyed the sprinting, the crowd got so enthused that the most of us forgot how hard the seats were, and in all a good time was had. As a general anæsthetic, a lacrosse match full of sprints such as the last was, is entirely effectual.

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BOXING.

Jeffries May Fight Again.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 8.—That Jim Jeffries may insist upon taking another chance against Jack Johnson, meeting the negro inside the next six months, was the startling rumor that followed the all-day conference between Jeffries and Berger to-day. It is known that Jeffries believes that once free from the nervous strain that connected itself to the last Reno battle that he can make a much better showing, if not actually defeat Johnson.

Jeffries would neither deny or confirm the rumor. Sam Berger asked to be excused from answering questions, saying: "There may be something to give out later."

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Johnson wants to give Jeff a chance.

Chicago, July 10.—Jack Johnson, the pugilist, responded yesterday afternoon to a report that his defeated rival was seeking a new bout, Johnson said; "I will give Mr. Jeffries another chance to win the championship if he wants to. I'll meet him at Reno, Labor day, if that suits him.

"I don't believe Jeffries was in as good condition July 4th, as he was two weeks before that, and for that reason I am willing to give him a chance," said the champion. "I don't want any dispute about my superiority. If they want to fix a fight for Labor Day at Reno I am willing to do my part, and there won't be any quarrel about the division of the purse either."

Johnson, in the course of his interview, reiterated his charge that a former manager of his attempted to "fix" the fight for Jeffries to win.

"He offered me $300,000, providing I would bet half of it that Jeffries would win in the eighth round," he said. "He knew he couldn't get that sum by betting on the outcome and so wanted it fixed for a certain round. And there were a lot of people led to believe I had been fixed. One Chicago theatre manager, I have been told, lost many thousands of dollars. He should have known better. I don't want to be President of the United States, because I couldn't hold the job. But I did want to be champion. There isn't money enough to compensate for the loss of that."

Chicago, Ill., July 8.—Jack Johnson has political ambitious. He intends to shy his castor into the political ring in the third ward of Chicago. He believes Alderman Johnson of the third ward will sound better than Pugilist Johnson, and he will contest the seat in the city council now held by Alderman Milton J. Foreman next spring.

On his return to Chicago Johnson is not to engage in the saloon business as has been said. He is to purchase a garage on the South Side and go into the auto livery business, keeping his eye meantime on the council chambers, which he thinks would be graced by his presence. That is the program, according to some of Johnson's admirers and fellow Ethopians who want to see him a city "dad." The third has a large colored population, but in the past the voters have always supported Alderman Foreman. William A. Wallace, a colored baker, ran against Alderman Foreman at the primaries in 1909, but he recieved 412 votes to 2,018 cast for Foreman. It was said at the time that Wallace was seriously handicapped for lack of funds and that the vote he received was not representative of the colored element in the wards.

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BROOKINS BREAKS WORLD'S RECORD

Attained Altitude of Over 6,000 Feet in Biplane at Atlantic City.

Atlantic City, N.J., July 10.—Walter Brookins, in a Wright biplane, broke the world's record here last evening, when he attained a height of 6,175 feet. He used his last drop of gasolene at his highest altitude, and was still climbing when his engine missed explosions. The daring aviator brought his machine back to level to get the last drop of fuel out of the storage tank.

Reaching the imaginary line, Brookins started to glide to earth when his engine stopped entirely when he was 5,600 feet high, and still over the ocean. His circling glide to the beach which the crowd believed to be a bit of fancy flying, was done to save himself from diving into the sea.

Brookins was ready to collapse when he reached the ground, and did not tell of his plight in the air until midnight, after he had partly recovered.

By his feat yesterday Brookins wins the $5,000 prize offered by the Atlantic City Aero club for breaking the world's record, unless a higher altitude is reached here before the end of the present meet.

Brookins spent exactly 1 hour, 2 minutes, 35 1-5 seconds in the air, according to the official timing of Chairman Henry M. Neely and Recorder Augustus Post of the contest committee of the national council of the Aero Club of America. About 57 minutes of this time was made in the circling ascent, the rush of over a mile to the ground consuming less than seven minutes.

Fear that Brookins at his highest point had not crossed the line of vision of the expert engineers in charge of securing his height by triangulation startled officials and spectators until it was discovered that the failure to secure a record of his crossing the imaginary line on which his record was based, was on two swings at a much lower altitude than at the final highest point.

Brookins, after waiting all day for the brisk southerly wind to die out, made a spin of a little over fifteen minutes, reaching an altitude of 1,900 feet. His final start was made at 6.08 o'clock with the weather absolutely clear and much of the force of the wind gone in lower altitudes.

Late this evening Glenn Curtiss made a flight, less than 3 minutes in duration. He made two circles over ocean between the million dollar pier and Youngs Old Pier. It was confidently expected Curtiss would start on his attempt to win the $5,000 prize for the fifty mile speed contest over the ocean this afternoon. He was ready this morning before the populace was awake, but was deterred from starting because the eager crowd would miss the spectacle.

This afternoon President John J. White, of the Atlantic City Aero club announced the sea was running too high for the safety of the stake boats, which would have to be ordered one mile off shore in order to permit the judges to observe the contest. Curtiss now plans to attempt the flight at 9 a.m, to-morrow morning. The engineers who triangulated the Brookins' altitude flight yesterday, announced formally to-day that the daring young aviator attained the height of 6,175 feet, according to their instruments. In consequence of this decision Brookins will receive the $5,000 altitude prize at the close of the meet next Tuesday evening.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier Predicts Great Future for the West

Fort William, Ont., July 10.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier had an eventful day yesterday, when he expressed at two large gatherings the appreciation of the princely welcome extended him by citizens of Fort William and Port Arthur. The outcome of the Premier's inspection of the twin cities was the remarkable prophecy he made at the Lyceum Theatre when he said he was impressed by the magnitude of the future which lay before them. "I see," he said "before me not so much of Port Arthur or Fort William, but one great city covering the western shore of Lake Superior, which will be one in intent and purpose as it ought to be." Sir Wilfrid spoke as though great possibilities are associated with his visit. "I am here on a great enterprise," he said, "I am grateful that in this the first step I make in this tour I am received not as a leader of a party but as a fellow-Canadian." He did not desire any party significance to be attached to his visit. Sir Wilfrid delivered a great patriotic address in the arena at Fort William at night. He said there would be no election until the government arrived at the time fixed by the constitution. The object of his visit was to become better acquainted with this new and rapidly progressive western country. "We want to see," he said, "with our own eyes the new communities, cities, towns and villages which are springing up in every direction almost by magic. It is to extend a hand of welcome to these new fellow citizens who come to us from various parts of the world to make their country our country. It is to ascertain the wants and requirements of these communities." He prophesied that the wheat of the West within a few years would reach a billion bushels. At the conclusion of a stirring address Sir Wilfrid paid a remarkable tribute to the late King. "The King of England will be the King of Canada's navy," he said "the Canadian parliament is a parliament of the King of England. We lost, a few months ago, our late King, who was one of the best and wisest sovereigns that was ever on the throne of England or any nation. He has gone to his fathers with the proud title of Edward the Peacemaker. I can speak with some knowledge and some authority when I say the King of to-day is a worthy son of his sire. I believe, that like his father he will be able to say at the end of his term, "I have striven to do my duty." My last words are that in this age and in this Canada of ours we say as in the days of old, "The King is dead; long live the King."

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Lone Star Notes

And still the dry weather continues.

Mr. and Mrs. Convis from across the Little Bow, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Brooks.

Mrs N. W. Haywood arrived recently from England, and is now with her husband on the homestead.

Mrs. N. W. Darrow, who fell down the stairs on June 20, and suffered a fractured shoulder, is again able to be out.

Church and Sunday School is to be held every Sunday at 3 p.m. at the School House. Everybody is invited to attend.

The fire break between ranges 17 and 18 should be worked, as the continued dry weather makes prairie fires more numerous.

A meeting is to be held in Lone Star School House on Saturday 16, to frame up some petition to the government, concerning leave of absence and relief for the coming winter.

Owing to the continued dry weather practically no grain will be harvested this fall and even horse feed will be very scarce. Should a hard winter follow, great suffering for man and beast is feared.

Quite a crowd gathered at the L. S. School House on July 1st, to celebrate the 43rd birthday of our Dominion. A very good programme was rendered by the school children under the care of Mrs. E. H. Clum. Races, Ball game, and dance in the evening was looked after by Messrs. Conelly and Whitcott. Music by the Lone Star Orchestra. Refreshments were served by Messrs. Willner and Smith.

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